

Western Home Monthly

RECORD 1903

LIFE RECORD 1904

Provincial Library Dec 04 Winnipeg



New Year 1904

Special This Issue :

Photogravures of Sir D. H. and Lady McMillan. Exterior and Interior Views of Government House. Halftones of Mr. Wm. Whyte, Second Vice-president of the C.P.R., Mrs. Whyte, and their Home. Views Showing the Advancement of the Doukhobors.

The Dominion General Elections

will shortly take place, and the chief point of interest will be the rearrangement of the constituencies. The FIRST APS showing NEW CONSTITUENCIES will be published by The Telegram, Winnipeg.

The Telegram Wall Atlas

has been published and printed exclusively for The Telegram, and consists of five sheets 22x28 inches, made up as follows:

Sheet 1—The flags of all nations printed in the proper colors, and large distinct calendar for the year 1904.

Sheet 2—Map of Manitoba revised from the latest railroad sheets, etc., to Dec. 1st, 1903, with an index of all towns, and with the new Dominion constituencies. On this sheet are also smaller maps of Ontario, Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Sheet 3—The Dominion of Canada, with smaller maps of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. These are beautifully clear and distinct little maps, showing every town.

Sheet 4—Entire Eastern Hemisphere.

Sheet 5—Entire Western Hemisphere.

This Telegram Wall Atlas is without an equal as a useful and decorative piece of home furnishing. You cannot keep in touch with the events of the world without a reliable reference map. Your children should have home help in their study of geography.

This map has been especially prepared for The Telegram. The retail price of similar maps is \$1.50.

OUR UNPARALLELED CLUBBING OFFER

Send \$1.50 for the Weekly Telegram and Western Home Monthly one year, and the five sheet Wall Atlas.

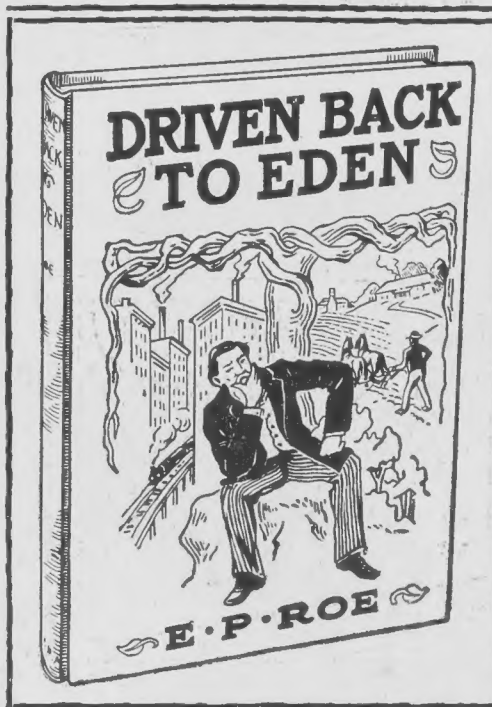
The ten cents is to cover mailing tube and postage.

All new subscribers, and old subscribers paying arrears and a year in advance, may take advantage of the offer.

Your money back if you do not agree that the map alone is worth the \$1.50.

UNPRECEDENTED OFFER

Keep Your Boys AT HOME.



THE ATTRACTIVE SIDE OF FARM LIFE

MORE OPPORTUNITIES
for a
GOOD FARMER
than an
INDIFFERENT CLERK

A NOVEL FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

History in Detail of a New York Family's Determination to Leave the Crowded City Flat, and How Each Member Contributed to the Success Attained in Less Than a Year.

THE CITY STRUGGLE

This fascinating story by E. P. Roe, the well-known author of "Barriers Burned Away," and "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," takes up the life of Robert Durham, bookkeeper for a large New York house, his delicate wife and four children; one an invalid. It tells of the struggles of the father to take care of the ever increasing expenses, how he sees the wife and invalid daughter growing weaker daily, the two boys, both mere children drifting into associations more contaminating than an infectious disease, his own failing strength, and inability to increase income or change conditions.

A PURE LIFE

The author tells in his simple, clear way, the decision to throw off the yoke of servitude, to break away from conditions sapping the very life blood of every member of the precious little family, and to go to the country with the hope that a living could be made by farming, and physical and moral conditions brought to a point where they could all thank God for the daily enjoyment of a pure life.

GOOD LITERATURE

With a few hundred dollars saved from a meagre salary, Robert Durham makes a part payment on a 100 acre farm within three hours of the city. Months before leaving for their future home, literature of every kind giving information on farming or kindred topics was eagerly read and discussed by every member of the entire family, so that when in early March the move was actually made, no small amount of information had been accumulated. Arriving at the farm, attention was at once given to all of the small things which usually go towards making either a success or failure of "Life in the Country."

PROFIT AND PLEASURE

Each chapter of the life's history tells of the actual experiences with the Poultry, Cattle, Pigs, Bees; with the berries, fruit and garden truck, as well as the general farming operations, of the mistakes made, all of which were profited by, and how each member of this family born and reared in a city apartment building (by a limited effort), within one year clearly demonstrated the possibility of a life as God intended it.

A HAPPY FAMILY

At the end of one year, after taking stock and going over all the accounts, the happy wife and mother sums up the situation by saying: "You have solved the problem, Robert, that was worrying you. There is space here for the children to grow and the Daggetts and the Ricketts, and all their kind, are not so near as to make them grow wrong in spite of us. A year ago we felt that we were virtually being driven to the country. I now feel as if we had been led by a kindly and divine hand."

The Western Home Monthly Wants Every Subscriber to Read This Book.

It is packed full of information respecting country life told in an interesting way, that will benefit both the country reader and the city bred families who know little of Nature. The book to read aloud in the family circle.

It is written in language so simple that a small child will clearly understand. It will be of absorbing interest to the growing boy, and kindle the desire for healthful manly sport.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

In connection with this book we have made a close clubbing arrangement with the Union Gospel News of Cleveland, O., a large 16-page undenominational weekly paper, filled each week with such matter as will be appreciated and eagerly looked for by the entire family. The subscription price is 50 cents per annum, and the publisher's price of "Driven Back to Eden" is \$1.25, but arrangements have been made whereby we can make the following liberal offer:—

THE UNION GOSPEL NEWS	\$.50	All For
DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN	1.25	
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY	.50	
THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE	1.00	
Total	\$3.25	\$1.50

Or \$1.25 if order, with money, is received before Feb. 1st, 1904.

The Home Publishing Co.

Winnipeg, Man.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. V, No. 1.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JANUARY, 1904.

PRICE {5c. a copy.
50c. a year.

The Turning of the Leaf.

A New Year's Story by EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHEN it was understood in Grantford that John Marsh and Lettice Fielding were "engaged," most persons said it "would make a good match." They were "just suited to each other."

"She's lucky to get a man like John," said Uncle Joe Taylor, as he and his wife talked the matter over. "John's a good fellow. If she only uses him white they'll get along first-rate together."

"I'd like to know what you mean by using him white!" said Mrs. Taylor, inclined to resent the use of the term as a sort of reflection upon Lettice, who was one of her favorites among the Grantford girls.

"Well, what I had in mind when I said it," answered Uncle Joe, deliberately, "was what Fielding calls his wife's 'pison neatness.' If the girl's got more sense than her mother, it'll be all right. If she's like her mother, it'll be all wrong."

"I don't blame Mrs. Fielding for getting out of patience with her husband," said Mrs. Taylor. "If you went 'round among the neighbors running down my housekeeping as he does hers, I'd get mad."

"I ain't sure I shouldn't do just as Fielding does if you was like his wife," responded Uncle Joe. "It's all right to be neat, but there's such a thing as over-



FATHER TIME.

doing it, an' that's what she does. Fielding's life's a burden to him, an' you know it, just on account of her fussiness. If she was like *you*, mother, he wouldn't have anything to find fault about," added Uncle Joe, diplomatically. "You're just neat enough to make it comfortable all 'round, but she goes in for too much of a good thing, an' makes herself an' ev'rybody else 'round her miserable by it, after a fashion. You know she don't take any comfort for fear there's a fly in the house, or a speck of dirt somewhere that she hain't found. She'd lay awake nights if she thought there was a wrinkle in the best bedspread. I guess, though, if she thought there was, she'd get up an' straighten it out, first thing she'd do."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Joe Taylor, what's the use o'

going on that way?" said his wife. "I know Rachel's particular, but I don't know's that's anything against her."

"Tis," responded Uncle Joe, very positive. "It's as bad to be too neat as 'tis to be slovenly. John Marsh's been brought up to use things for the comfort an' good that can be got out of 'em. You never knew the front-room to be sealed up like a can o' crab apples put up in fall. The Marshes never had anything they didn't take the good of as they went along. But Mrs. Fielding—did you ever know *her* to let her own folks into that parlor of hers? I never did, an' I don't b'lieve they ever wanted to get inside it. They wouldn't have dared move if they had, for fear they'd get somethin' out o' perpendicular. Now, if John's wife goes to carrying out her mother's way o' doing things, I don't b'lieve 't'll set well with John, an' if she's got her mother's temper there'll be trouble, you see if there ain't. John's got a mind of his own, an' he ain't going to knuckle down as Fielding always has."

"Dear me! what trouble men can see when they're on the look-out for it," said Mrs. Taylor, sarcastically. "If John Marsh'll tend to *his* business an' let Lettice see to *hers*, 'thout meddling, I

guess they'll get along as well's the most o' folks. Anyway, I don't see the sense o' borrowin' trouble for 'em. Mrs. Fielding may be a little more particular than there's any real need of, but she means well, an' she's brought Lettice up to be a good housekeeper."

"Oh, I don't doubt but she *means* well," admitted Uncle Joe. "But a person may mean all right an' make a failure of it, for all that. You know what they say hell's paved with, don't you, Mandv?"

"Why, Joe Taylor, I sh'd think you'd be ashamed to talk so, an' you a member o' the church," said Mrs. Taylor, severely. "It sounds 's if you might be swearing in a kind of a roundabout way. I don't approve of it."

"That settles it, then," laughed her husband. "'Slong's you're just neat enough, an' not particular, like Mrs. Fielding, I'm willing to be governed by what you approve of." And his wife, mollified by the compliment, laughed, and went about her work.

When John Marsh took his wife to the new home he had built for her, she was delighted with everything in it.

"I hope I'll turn out to be as good a housekeeper as mother is," she said, as

went through the rooms of the pretty cottage. "It means a good deal of work to keep everything neat, but that's the way I'm going to keep it, John."

"You'll find it an easy matter to keep things neat as they need to be without making a slave of yourself, I hope," the young husband responded. He had her mother in mind as he spoke. He had but slight knowledge of his mother-in-law except in the capacity of scrub-woman and general setter-to-right-of-things. "I don't want the house to take up so much of your time that we can't be social with our neighbors. And I want you to have time to read the new books and papers. The only way to make life worth living is to enjoy it, and one can't get much enjoyment out of it if it's all work and no play."

They had not been married a week before he found that his pretty wife had very positive ideas about matters and things, and a strong will of her own. And he also found out that she had a good many of her mother's ideas about neatness. Two or three times he asked her to go to the village with him, but she had work that *must* be done, and he had to go alone. He brought her the last book that had made a sensation in the literary world, but she admitted, two weeks after it had been brought home, that she hadn't read a word of it. "Hadh't had time," she said. There seemed to be no time for the little walks about the farm that he had counted on so much—no time for the cosy little exchange of confidences that he had looked forward to as one of the especial delights of married life. She was always so busy.

John was a hard-working young man, and an enthusiastic farmer, and he liked to relax after the hard toil of the day, and enjoy the evening in a comfortable, common-sense fashion. The lounge in the sitting-room meant to him a place to take one's ease on—something to use and get all possible pleasure out of, but his wife seemed to think that it ought to be saved all the wear and tear of comfortable use, and one day he found it removed to a corner of the room where no one could get any enjoyment out of it.

"What's that for?" he asked. "I'd as soon sit in a closet as stay in that dark corner."

"I thought it would save the lounge a good deal of wear," she said.

"What's a lounge for if not to use?" he asked. "When this one wears out we'll get another." Then he wheeled it over to its old, pleasant corner, and stretched himself out on it. But he was conscious of an impression that his wife was not exactly pleased with what he had done.

The next time he saw the lounge it was covered with a home-made rug. It served the purpose of a notice to the effect that the furniture must not be used to such an extent as to soil it. John's face flushed a little as he saw it. When he made use of the lounge he removed the rug, but it was in place the next time he came into the house, and he found it had been fastened on.

"Very well," he thought, but he said nothing. "If the lounge is too good to use I'll take my nooning elsewhere," and after that he spent the noon hour in a chair tipped back against the veranda railing. That was the beginning of a series of efforts on the part of his wife in the interests of what she considered neatness. The next attempt was one to make a dining-room of the kitchen.

"There's no use of using the dining-room all the time, with just us two in the family," she said, when John objected to eating in the kitchen. "We might as well save the furniture, and I can keep the room cleaner with so much less work."

"I had the dining-room made to use," said John. "What good will it do us if we don't use it?"

"Why, we will use it, of course," answered his wife, "whenever we have visitors."

"What is good enough for us is plenty good enough for our visitors," said John. "If I've got to eat in the kitchen, I shall insist on company's eating there. But I'm not going to eat there. I built the house for us, and not for those who come to see us, and I built it for use—everyday use—and not for show. Who

has a better right to the enjoyment of it than we have, dear?"

John had his way in this instance, but he caught his wife looking sharply at the floor where he sat, one day, and presently she came with a broom and began sweeping about his chair.

"You track in so much dirt, you see," she said, "that's why I thought it would be better to eat in the kitchen."

"But I don't see any dirt," said John. "I cleaned my feet before I came in."

"That may be, but there's dirt there," she said.

"Perhaps I'd better keep out of the room altogether," said John, with a flush rising in his face.

"Oh, I can sweep it up," she responded, in a tone which seemed to imply that is what a woman is made for.

They had been married in spring. Before fall came John began to understand why so many of the neighbors sympathized with his father-in-law. He discovered that his wife had come to him with her mother's ideas of neatness, and the discovery brought with it a great deal of annoyance and bitterness. It made him indignant to be treated as if he were responsible for most of the

There's no need of it. Why, do you know, Lettice, I'm getting so I'm afraid to go beyond the dining-room for fear I'll disturb things. I'm actually getting afraid of my own house. I don't feel at home in it. If matters go on in this way, it won't be home to me, after a little. I didn't marry you to make you a slave to household drudgery. I wanted a companion, a helpmeet. But I don't get a chance to visit with you, you're always so busy. I'll get a girl to do the work, and we'll try to get better acquainted with each other."

"I won't have a hired girl in the house," declared Lettice. "And do you know, John, you make me all out of patience with your always finding fault about my way of doing things."

"What I find fault about is the unnecessary work you make for yourself," he said. "It can't be that these rooms need going over every day, since there's so little use made of them, but I don't see that that makes any difference. It's scrub, sweep, dust, from one week's end to the other. I get the idea that you consider scrubbing, and sweeping, and dusting the important things of life. I believe in cleanliness, but I don't be-

said Lettice, "and a man thinks everybody ought to look through his spectacles. If you want to see why a woman has to scrub, and sweep, and dust, just look at the floor, John," and she pointed to where some soil had crumbled from his shoes.

He got up and went out, with an angry gleam in his eyes. She always made him feel that the house would not need much attention if it were not for him.

So matters went on, from bad to worse. Along through the fall, when there was ploughing to do, John got into the habit of staying in the house as little as possible. A square of carpeting under his chair at the table was a constant reminder of his general dustiness. A square of cotton cloth spread under his plate answered the same purpose. At first, he had resented them, but he was a peace-loving man, and he said nothing. What was the use of saying anything? He had expressed his opinions of matters and things freely, and she had ignored them. For the sake of peace he would bear his disappointment in silence, but it made a sore spot in his life. How keenly he felt it no one would ever know but himself.

He worked long and hard that fall, and when winter closed in he was simply tired out.

One day, in the latter part of November, it seemed to him as if he could hardly drag himself about. His feet seemed shod with lead. His head ached. His eyes were heavy, but not with sleepiness. He had eaten but little for the past two or three days.

"I don't know what ails me," he said. "I've worked too hard, I guess. I believe I'll lie down and try to sleep a little. Maybe I can sleep it off."

"Dear me, I hope you aren't going to lie down with those clothes on," cried his wife. "They're all dust from the hay. Can't you take a horse blanket and bunk down in the kitchen?"

John got up, dizzily. He put his hand to his head, as if to brush away the fog that seemed settling over his brain.

"I—I guess I'll go home to mother's," he said, in a kind of bewildered way. "She won't mind my clothes. She never thought any place in the house too good for us when we felt tired, or sick."

He took his hat and went out. Lettice, watching him, saw him toil slowly up the hill. He walked like an old man.

"I do believe he has gone to his mother's," she said. "I'm sorry I said what I did, for he don't look well, come to think of it. But I do hate so to have things muddled up, and I'd just got the dining-room straightened up for Sunday."

As nightfall neared she wondered why John did not come back. By and by she began to feel anxious about him. Maybe he had started homeward, and fallen sick by the way.

"I'll go to meet him," she said. But instead of meeting John, she met his brother at the top of the hill.

"I was coming after you," he said. "John's sick. He's got a high fever, and he's out of his head. Father's gone for the doctor."

"I'm afraid he's in for a run of typhoid," said the doctor, when he came out of John's room. "Perhaps I can break it up, but I'm not at all sure about it. It's got too firm a grip on him, I think."

That was the beginning of a long month of severe sickness for John, and of worry and watchfulness for his wife and mother. Together these women cared for him as only loving women can care for the sick. And together they listened to the words, which told of the fancies flitting through his brain. And from them Lettice learned what she had not really understood before. On his sickbed her husband talked about many things which went to show how keenly he had felt little acts which she had not intended should give him pain. He had misunderstood her, in a way, and yet—had she not given him reason



"I GUESS I'LL GO HOME TO MOTHER."

work which fell to his wife's lot. What man likes to be followed about with a broom and a brush, and made to feel that he sheds dust and dirt wherever he goes? He tried to reason with her about her methods. His mother kept her house neat and clean, but she did it without making a household drudge of herself, and she did it without making the members of the family feel uncomfortable, and as if they were out of place in any part of the house except the kitchen.

"Your mother has her way and I have mine," answered his wife.

"But don't you see, dear, that you're settling down into a groove?" he argued. "You're making a slave of yourself to this house of ours. I can't coax you to go anywhere—there's so much work to do. Surely, dear, there can't be a great deal to do for just us two, and the rest of it all goes to the scrubbing, and sweeping, and dusting of the rooms we don't use. It's work thrown away.

lieve in tying myself to a mop-stick or a broom. Why, dear, don't you understand how disagreeable it is for a man to be made to feel as if he was to blame for all this? I can't feel at ease in my own house so long as I am confronted with a broom each time I cross the threshold. Honestly, I'd rather have it laid over my head and shoulders according to the traditional fashion."

"I guess if you had some women for a wife you'd appreciate neatness," said Lettice, with a heightened color. "You men never give us credit for what we do."

"Yes, we do," he responded. "Don't get the idea for a moment, dear, that I don't appreciate good housekeeping. But there's a point beyond which improvement cannot be made, and to expend one's energies after that point is reached is a foolish waste of time and strength, and the opportunities for improvement in other directions."

"That's the way it looks to a man,"

THE WIZARD PIPE

An up-to-date high grade trick pipe. Smokes with or without tobacco. Gives lots of fun. Mailed for 15 cents.

MANITOBA NOVELTY CO.,

Box 1, Winnipeg, Manitoba

to feel hurt and resentful? As the truth came home to her she began to see things in a new light. She understood more of the standpoint from which John had looked at them. She gained something of an insight of a man's nature from listening to a man's unconscious revelation of his thoughts.

"I've been to blame," she cried out one day, after listening to John's wild talk about some old experience that had wounded him deeply. "I see it all now." And then she buried her face in the bed-clothes and cried as if her heart would break.

John's mother put her arm about her daughter-in-law, but said nothing. It would do her good to cry it out, but, by and by, when she was quieter, they talked matters over, and the wife began to look at life in a new light. She saw the narrowness of the past, the pettiness of it, and understood how galling it had been to the man who had broader ideals than her own. She shivered with the terrible fear that haunted her night and day. What if John should die?

It was on the last day of the year that the fever came to its end. Doctor James knew that the turning-point was near, and he came to stay with them until it was past.

Such long, slow, terrible hours as those were in which they waited for the change to come! It seemed like a lifetime. But it came at last.

"I think he will live," said Doctor James, when he got up from the bedside where he had been sitting for an hour, watching his patient.

Lettice ran to the old man and threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him. Then she sank down by the bed and cried softly, and as she cried, she prayed.

"Lettice!" It was John's voice. For the first time in weeks he was calling for her. She bent above him, her face radiant with love and hope.

"I'm here, John," she said. "It's all right now, dear. You're going to get well, the doctor says," and then she kissed him. "Don't try to talk. Just rest," and she sat down beside him, with his hand in hers, and presently he fell asleep. When he woke up he looked, he seemed, like a new man. A very weak man, still the old vitality was already beginning to assert itself against the weakness disease had left behind.

"I've lost all track of time," he said. "It's winter, isn't it? I see there's snow on the trees."

"It's New Year's day," she said. "And I want to tell you something, John. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I've seen many things in a new light since you were sick. I'm going to begin life over—I'm going to begin to-day—and I'll try to be the wife you want me to be. You understand—John?"

"Yes, dear," he said. "You needn't tell me anything. I know now. And you shan't turn the leaf alone, dear. I'll turn it with you. I think there's a lesson for both of us in the new page, and we'll try to learn it together."

A Tale of Two Tubs

With Apologies to Dean Swift.

It was a bright sunny day, early in May. How well I remember. Though many years have come and gone since then the scene is as clear to me as though I looked on it but yesterday. I can see the line of low buildings, some frame, most log, that marked the main street of the thriving town of Brandon. Few are stirring this bright, May day, and the town wears a deserted aspect, but I, child-like, thought not of that as I stood in the doorway and looked eagerly up the trail which led to the town and down which my friend and companion, Edith Parley, would come. It was Saturday and mother would allow me to ask Edith to spend all the afternoon and evening.

I wandered back and forth in front of the house. It stood on one of the many shelves which mark the different levels of the Assiniboine River. Six months before when we came out and took our abode in it, the river lay far below, showing a dismal expanse of clay and mud, but now swelled by the winter's snow and heavy spring rains,

it had crept up till it disputed the right to the shelf with our log mansion. The dull turbid water tapped its feet and even dared to enter the leanto at the back. The seniors looked grave and talked of the advisability of moving at once if another home could be found. But as for me, what did all that matter to me? For was not to-day Saturday and was not Ede coming over to spend all afternoon and evening with me? And, there she was coming. Along the narrow board over the puddles and up the trail I raced.

"Oh, Ede, I'm so glad you've come. I've been looking for you for ages and ages."

"So saying, I linked my arm in hers and we skipped along towards the house."

"Come on, Meg, and we'll make the board teeter."

So we made it teeter, sending one long wave, then many little dancing wavelets rippling across the pond. The high wind would blow the water back on us as we skipped and splashed, and laughed with delight. Luckily for our fun, the parlor window was the only one that looked out upon this scene and at present that room was unoccupied.

"Look, Ede, see how I can make them go," I exclaimed, and giving a wilder jump than usual I overbalanced on the narrow plank, clutched wildly at Edith and together we toppled into the water by this time stirred to thin soup. Of course it was not deep, but our pinnies hung dragged and dirty upon us. With a quick, frightened glance at the window we took the

board and lay prone beside the fence. Released from my weight the board with poor Ede descended with double force; but my leap had swung it sideways and as my end went up it struck upon the points of the snake fence. It was only an instant's jar, but in that instant Ede, flinging up her arms, gave a little hysterical scream and plunged full length on the muddy ground. Now indeed was our doom sealed. Ede blamed me and I blamed her.

"You're a nasty little cat; just see what a mess my pinny's in," said Ede, in angry undertone.

"It's your fault every bit as much as mine. 'Twas you said to make the teeter. Oh, there's ma."

In this new fear we forgot our squabble and lay breathless watching the two ladies.

Miss Rintoul had come to the river and could not get across. She gazed helplessly at the width of water which separated her from our front verandah and Mrs. Jeffreys gazed as helplessly back. Where was that plank? We trembled lest she should see our board, but luck befriended us. After glancing around for a moment my stepmother went into the house, reappearing with father's great rubber wading boots, which he only donned when going duck shooting. These, with all her strength, she flung at Miss Rintoul. The first stood up in the mud at the windward of her, sending a sudden shower of liquid ooze over the fair recipient, while the other, caught by the wind, went to the other side and sailed like some new fangled boat upon this troubled sea. However, Miss Rintoul



BOBBED ALONG AT A SURPRISING RATE.

shortest cut out, regardless of the fact that we were adding to our bespattered condition. We next perched ourselves, like dickie-birds, on the fence and whistled all the songs we knew. At last, when voices were hoarse and whistles dry, we sought new means of employment.

"Let's bring that board to the fence, Ede, and make a see-saw?"

To say was to do, or to attempt to do, with us. Have you ever watched two ants drag a big twig along? I think Ede and I must have looked like ants as we hauled that big clumsy plank back to the fence, only the ants had had decided advantages over us, for I never heard of ants that wore white pinnies, or had step mothers.

See, saw, Marjory Daw,

Sold her bed and laid upon straw.

The board went up and down, up and down, in the approved fashion to the tilt of the old rhyme.

"Oh, my, there's Miss Rintoul coming," said Edith, as her end rose to the sky.

Now, Miss Rintoul was our teacher, a very precise angular dame much given to upholding such precepts as "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," so it was with some trepidation I exclaimed, "Is she?" Where?" and tried to crane my neck to see up the road to which I had my back, but it was beyond my line of vision. Unable to see the danger approaching, fear seized hold of me.

"Let's hide," I said, and suiting the action to the word leapt from the

was a woman of resource and with the aid of a long pole rescued her rescuers and waded through this Slough of Despond, taking infinite trouble to protect the lower hem of her garment.

Knowing that the parlor window would now be guarded we determined to retire to back regions.

"I wish my pinny was clean," moaned Edith.

"I know," I exclaimed, "the water's in our back shed. We'll go and wash them there."

"Taking our board with us, we effected a long detour behind the fence and having made our bridge, we reached the kitchen door without being seen and in another instant were in the watery shed. The river had indeed risen and the water was two to three feet deep in the shed."

"Here are the tubs," I said, "but the soap's over in that box on the other side."

"Never mind," answered my companion. "We'll get into the tubs and paddle ourselves across."

It was a slow process paddling with our hands; by the time the box was reached the interest centered in this new species of boating, and the washing was forgotten. Standing and balancing each other in our tubs, we managed to wrench off two of the slim boards that formed the top of the soap box. With this addition to our equipment our progress became rapid. No Columbus ever enjoyed his journey to a New America as we did exploring that small dark shed. After

one or two circuits of it we began, like Alexander, to long for new worlds to conquer. Ede steadied my tub while I cautiously raised myself and undid the latch of the outer door. The wind did the rest. Next moment, whether we would or no, we were dancing out towards the great Assiniboine. Steering our tubs in the quiet shed was one thing, a very different thing balancing ourselves out here in the open where the wind drove us rapidly along and threatened every moment to overset our clumsy boats.

Out toward the bed of the river we floated, wind and current struggling together for the mastery over us. Though frightened, the sweetness of forbidden pleasure was in the escapade and we acknowledged not our fear, even to each other.

Along the bank grew water willows. These, half submerged, showed but their higher bows above the grey brown water. Our boats, now fairly caught by the current, bobbed along at a surprising rate toward this barrier. At first we held together by our paddles, but a sudden little wave striking us, we lost our hold and in a moment the distance had hopelessly widened. Edith, some kindly fate bore straight toward the brushy haven, but repenting of such kindness at the last moment, drove her frail bark with sudden force against this sunken refuge, throwing her out among the branches, while the silly tub, bottom up, went gaily dancing on.

As for me, borne down by the current, I passed through a wide open space and found myself whirling along in the swift current of the main river. On the shore two men were working at a boat. I called to them, but the wind tossed my words away. I shouted again, but the figures heeded not. Then as a wilder lurch than usual shook me I screamed and screamed again in a very ecstasy of fear. The tub dipped and lurched, righted itself, and bobbed on, while my voice rose in shriek upon shriek of wild hysterical terror. But this very terror saved me. Some men mending the roof of a house, attracted by my cries, noticed the black speck upon the grey waters. They made all speed to the next house, near which a boat was moored. It was one of those big flat-bottomed punts more suitable for quiet lakes than swift rivers. Row as they would they made but little progress against that rapid current, but I was swiftly coming down to them. In a moment or two we were only a dozen rods apart. Closer, closer still. Now we were almost touching. I stood up to step into the boat. Bump! I plunged forward, but not into the boat. With another scream (for I gave myself up for lost) I felt the grim water close over me. The nearest boatman grabbed me by the much-abused pinafore as I sank and hauled me, dripping and spluttering, into the boat.

My cold bath had, however, restored my frightened senses and I told my rescuers of my unfortunate companion's plight. Steering to the quieter water at the side, they rowed rapidly to the clump of willow boughs. Here we found Ede still clinging, but thoroughly benumbed by the icy water. To lift her into the boat and make our way to the house was the work of only a few minutes.

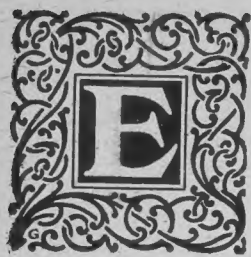
My stepmother met us as the boat grounded on the shore. Oh, what a tirade assailed me. To retaliate for the fright we had given her, she first scolded us well for our folly and then sent us both to bed for fear of colds from our drenching. But father's return effected a respite in our sentence, and safely ensconced by the parlor stove, well wrapped in woolly dressing "a world too wide" we regaled ourselves on cheese and buns, lemonade and biscuits, between bites relating our adventure to the music of his deep-voiced laughter.

The tubs we never heard of more. Perhaps they serenely bobbed on their way and long afterward arrived at Winnipeg, or perhaps some thrifty farmer drew them to shore to form tankards for his thirsty teams or help his "mis-sus" in the next week's wash.

—Mai.

A Cure for Worry

By Mrs. Charles T. Collins.



LECTA Dunham was one of the most inspiring women I ever knew. It was her indomitable good cheer that made her so inspiring, and the secret of her good cheer

was, as she was always free to confess, that she never had borne in her life—nor meant to bear—a mite of trouble that she had not really had, or that other folks hadn't had—for half the ills of the village rested easily upon her broad shoulders. "It's troubles that don't ever come near you that wear you out," she would say.

Just to look at Electa Dunham did one good. She was large and solidly built, with a large, solid, sweet-natured face, a large, pleasant nose and grey eyes that sparkled gaily when she talked.

She had buried her husband and several sons. She was poor and had hard work to keep her farm. She did not know to a certainty whether her old age would be provided for. She had, moreover, a chronic ailment from which she had much to dread. If, however, in my intense interest for her, I let fall the least word that showed that I was not as care-free about

her as she was about herself, she would laugh comfortably. Her laugh—more a chuckle in reality than a laugh—was the most contagious thing to which I ever listened.

"Now don't you go to getting like Cornelia," she would say. "One worrier sitting round is enough. Wait till we get there! Wait till we get there! I haven't ever been to the front door yet, to let a worry in, and I never am going to. They've got to come round to the back and climb in the buttery window for themselves, so be they get in at all."

Cornelia, the only one of her daughters left at home—the others had married strugglingly, and in addition to all her other cares, she had to "pull 'n haul them," as she expressed it, through every household emergency—was the strangest contrast to her mother. Weak-eyed and bent, cadaverous and shrinking, at thirty she looked all of fifty. Mentally she was a greater contrast still. Worry, worry, worry! From morning to night, how that woman did worry! Her forehead was always puckered, her lips drawn, and her soul in a ferment. She must have inherited her disposition from some forelorn ancestress on her father's side.

"It's those Dunhams," Mrs. Electa confided to me once. "Barring Stephen, they were a poor-spirited lot, if I say it as shouldn't. Good? Land, yes! they were good—good as Job, and just about as comforting!"

One autumn, as I was leaving Mrs. Dunham, not to see her again until the following summer, she remarked to me with her irresistible chuckle: "By the time you get round again, I am going to have Cornelia cured of worrying—plumb cured, out and out!"

My face must have expressed my astonishment and incredulity, even my alarm. I could not see how without taking Cornelia apart and putting her together again, upon altogether new lines, so ingrained a fault was to be eradicated.

"Oh, I ain't a goin' to do anything to her, leastway nothing to hurt," she chuckled again, in answer to my look; "just you wait and see."

I was never so surprised by anything in my life as I was by my first glimpse of Cornelia the following summer. She had grown to look like her mother. I had never noticed the slightest resemblance before. The lines of her face and figure had filled out. She held herself erect. Her expression was placid. She was, what I had never dreamed that she had it in her to become a comely, wholesome, attractive-looking young woman. The mental change was equally great. The lines of her mind seemed to have filled out like those of her body. A latent sense of humor (formerly I would as soon looked for humor in a cow) had developed itself. I realized with a sense of keen pleasure that Cornelia was no longer to be a dull background for Mrs. Electa's and my enjoyment of each other. We were to be three boon companions for the future. Over my supper that evening I all but choked three or four times at some dry, quick, telling repartee that she made to her mother's generalities.

What had happened? Was she going to be married? Sometimes that sort of happiness coming into a colorless life will rejuvenate it. After tea I wandered into the front parlor, with Mrs. Electa at my heels. I was not fond of the front parlor; I merely wanted to go through the dear, queer old house from garret to cellar and make sure it was all there, just as I had left it.

The first thing that my eyes fell upon, exactly in the middle of the ingrain carpet, the "three-ply," that covered the parlor floor, was a bushel basket, and, close beside it, two large, cheap, gaudy vases—ground glass they were—with magenta roses painted upon them. I all but fell over them. Their position was most precarious. One had to go out of one's way to avoid them.

"Whatever," I exclaimed, in my surprise, "are those things doing there?" "Oh, those," Mrs. Electa chuckled, "those are the cure for worry. Cornelia keeps 'em there so she won't forget she's cured."

She said no more. I felt as balked in my curiosity as the man did who badgered his seat-mate on the cars to tell him how he had lost his leg, until he exhorted from him the information that "'Twas bit off," and could extort no more.

Moreover, she had so much to tell me, as she followed me about, of her daughters and her grandchildren—three new ones during the winter—and of her neighbors, that she could not stop.

Later in the evening, however, as we were sitting on the grass of the front door yard, sheltered from the dew by the trees, my curiosity, that was still eating me up, got the better of me. Caroline was in the back kitchen "putting the bread to raise."

"Will you tell me," I demanded, "what that bushel basket and those ground-glass urns on the parlor floor have to do with Cornelia's worrying?"

"It's her not worrying they've got to do with," Mrs. Electa responded. And then she gurgled with delight over something that was in her mind. For fully half a minute she gurgled before proceeding on her conversational way. If I could only get her started. She was as hard to start and as hard to stop when once started as one of Walter Scott's romances.

"Well, I'll tell you," she began, at length. "Maybe you might want to cure somebody yourself some day, and I don't hold with keeping remedies secret that's been tried and you know are going to work."

"To begin at the beginning, I bought those two vases with the egg money and I put 'em down along with the bushel basket where you saw them, spang in the middle of the parlor floor. I took Cornelia in and I showed them to her, the first day I got them."

"Now, Cornelia," I said to her, "those things are going to set there right where they be till you get rid of what's ruining your life in this world and making you so you won't have any power to enjoy what's waiting for you in the next. You wouldn't more'n get set down up in heaven before you'd begin worrying about something. You'd think your wings was a size too big, or you'd begin to moult. You'd find something to worry about if you had to hunt for it on your hands and knees."

"Then I explained to her what I was going to do. I was going to watch the wrinkle between her eyes that was getting as deep and as set as an old woman of eighty. I wasn't going to take my eyes off it. Every time I saw it tying itself up into bow-knots I was going to ask her point-blank what 'twas she was worrying about and she'd got to speak up and tell me, in so many words. Then she'd got to take a pen and paper—Cornelia never was any hand for writing, you know; she can do it and do it correct; she could teach school for that matter, but it comes like hoeing corn to her—and write out word for word just exactly what she'd been telling me. Then she'd got to fold up what she'd written and put it into an envelope, and carry it into the front parlor and put it into one of those ground-glass vases, the first one that she come to, next to the door, and leave it there in



"IF SHE DIDN'T RISE UP IN HER SEAT *** AND EXPLAIN TO THEM ALL."

the presence of the Lord and see what come of it in the end.

"Folks were commanded, so I told her, to spread everything out that was on their minds before the Lord. Most generally they did it on their knees, but 'twas best for her, I considered, to do it on paper. 'Twould pin things down to where she could get a realizing sense of 'em.

"She could go on writing out her worries and putting them into the vase next to the door till 'twas full, I told her, and then she'd got to sit down and read them over, the whole vase full, from beginning to end, and separate them into two piles, the ones that had come to something and the ones that hadn't. Those that had come to something, she was to put into the other vase, the one that was furthest from the door; those that hadn't, she was to put in the bushel basket.

"It went against Cornelia terrible, the idea of having the front parlor all littered up with her worries that way. I knew 'twould. I hadn't laid awake all night planning and devising something that would really take hold of her, for nothing."

"Well," and here Mrs. Electa was interrupted by another fit of chuckling, "there was doings for the next few months, I do assure you.

"No sooner would I see that line, deepening and drawing itself up between her eyes than I would make her stop, right short off, no matter what she was doing—bakin' pies or settin' the table for dinner; sometimes 'twould be in the midst of a terrible flurry, everything to be done and no time to do it in. Once she was getting ready for the church sociable, and I made her sit down right where she was, one shoe off and the other shoe on, and tell me about it, and then write the whole thing out word for word, just as she told it to me. 'Twould take her half an hour, sometimes more. 'Twasn't any joke, either, carrying those worries of hers into the front parlor, cold winter days. 'Twas like an ice box. It kind of solemnized her too, I guess, to think of their being shut up there, alone, all winter, with the Lord, in the cold. There was something tomb-like and awe-inspiring about it.

"She got, Cornelia did, so she kept her back to me as much as she could so I shouldn't see that line between

her eyes, any more'n she could help. Bless you! I could tell just by the set of her shoulders when she was worrying! They'd all kind of round over and hump up. I didn't overdo the matter, though. When she thought I wasn't noticing, I let her go on thinking so. She'd a bin wore out before she was cured if I hadn't.

"Well, Thanksgiving came along, my other girls were coming to have it with me, and their husbands and the children. There was a terrible big baking on. The front parlor was opened up, there was a fire in the air-tight and 'twas smelling of mince pies and cakes like a bake-shop.

"Cornelia 'd been fussing around in there for quite a spell, taking things up and dusting them and setting 'em down again in a fidgety kind of a way. I saw plainly what 'twas on her mind, and I felt sorry for her, I can tell you I did. It hurt me, I do assure you, a lot more'n it did her, not to knuckle under to my feelings.

"No, Cornelia," I says, "Thanksgiving or no Thanksgiving, those things set right where they be. You aren't half cured yet of what's ailing you and you know it as well as I do. What's more, you aren't half trying. Folks get what they try for, in the general run in this world. If they don't get it, it's because they don't try."

"I don't know as I want to say much about that Thanksgiving day. There's things that have been necessary in most folks lives, I suppose, that they don't take any great comfort talking about. The turkeys and pies might just as well have been sawdust for all the taste there was to them so far as I was concerned; and the children skylarking around drove me wild. If Cornelia had got mad and stormed around I could have stood it. As it was, you couldn't see anything unusual about her, except that her cheeks were feverish and her hands shook, and she was gentler than common with the young ones. Cornelia's got the sweetest disposition, if I do say it as shouldn't, that ever was put into a woman.

"It was the turning point, though, that Thanksgiving day. After that, she really tried, hard as 'twas in her to try. She had a good long stretch of winter to make progress in. Folks talk about the seasons changing. I guess I'd be the first one to know it, if a New England winter showed any sign of shortening up.

"Spring came lagging along as usual. The snow was beginning to melt, and things was thawing out in the front parlor, when our turn came in sight for having the sewing society. I'd seen it looming up like a rock ahead all winter. Did seem as though I hadn't got the backbone to let those things sit right out there in the midst of the parlor floor sewing society afternoon. Shaming Cornelia before her own flesh and blood was one thing; shaming her before the whole town was another. She was most cured, too, and she'd done well. She hadn't earn-

ed a finish up like that.

"I didn't worry over it. I don't know as I know how to worry. I spent the heft of my time, though, trying to think out some way of giving in without her knowing I'd given in. I guess I'm not the first mother that has sheered off from a pint at issue that way, without a child knowing she's sheered.

"I got to reflecting upon the Lord's dealings with His children, thinking

maybe I'd get hints for dealing with mine. It was borne in upon me, as I was thinking about them, that, except in cases here and there like Pharaoh's—and Cornelia wasn't a mite like Pharaoh—the Lord didn't discipline right straight along without any let up. When he saw the least sign that folks were beginning to do as they knew they'd ought to, he'd surprise them with a mercy when they were the least expecting it; a real human, comforting kind of a mercy, not the kind that you have to wait until you get half way through eternity before you get reconciled to it as such.

"I thought I'd copy the ways of the Lord and try surprising Cornelia with a mercy—a big one—that would tickle her most to death, and see if it wouldn't finish up the cure in a hurry.

"I took some money I'd got laid away"—here I gave a perceptible start in my chair, for I knew what that money was laid away for—"and I bought her a melodeon—so much down and the rest on the instalment plan. She'd wanted one ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. I thought maybe the time had come when I couldn't afford not to buy her one, when 'twas going to cost too much to do without it.

"She come home from the village one afternoon—I'd sent her off on purpose—and found it setting there in the front parlor. Well"—here Mrs. Electa stopped and choked and mopped her eyes—"when she saw it sitting there, she cried like a baby, and cried, and cried and couldn't stop crying; and all the while she was laughing and couldn't stop that any more than she could the crying. I had to make her a cup of green tea to settle her nerves. If I hadn't I dunno but what she'd a been crying yet. 'Twas the devil of worry rending his way out of her, once for all, I guess. I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since. He's gone for good.

"Well, when it came the day before the sewing society, I was going to take those vases and the bushel basket away. I was sick and tired of the sight of them. I don't know as you'd believe what I'm telling you now. I can't hard-

ly believe it myself, but Cornelia wouldn't let me. Come sewing society afternoon, if she didn't rise up in her seat, when everybody got quieted down to their sewing, and explain to them all why those things were sitting there, the vase and the basket, and confess to them all, just as if it had been class meeting, that she'd been a wicked woman all her days. She hadn't trusted the Lord for anything, big or little. She was going,

so be she was spared, to turn over a new leaf. She hoped they'd all help her on her way. They all got to crying, and Miss Bascom, she'd forgot her handkerchief, she wiped her eyes on a petticoat she was making for a home missionary's wife. I was going to get her a handkerchief; then I was afraid 'twould fluster her to know I'd been watching her, and I thought, anyway, if I was the home missionary's wife I should enjoy that petticoat all the more. There was a bias ruffle round the bottom and five tucks on top of the ruffle, two broad and three narrow. 'Twas a very handsome petticoat, that petticoat was."

Mrs. Electa stopped suddenly; she had said all there was to say, and was never a woman to go on after that point was reached.

We sat in our rocking-chairs, under the trees for a time, silently. The grass had soft white irregular fleckings upon it. Mrs. Electa's spectacles shone in the moonlight like gig-lamps.

"Cornelia," she called at last, raising her voice that it might travel around the corner of the house to the woodshed. "Ain't you most through with that bread? Set down and play something for us."

My nerves contracted in anticipation of what I feared I was about to endure. The opera and the choicest of music wherever it is to be had, are my one extravagance. I pinch and scrape that I may enjoy them.

Presently out upon the summer night came stealing the very essence of the soul of a true musician. It was only a melodeon, bought upon the instalment plan, only simple old melodies, like Annie Laurie and The Swanee River. It was the soul of a musician nevertheless.

The tears rolled down Mrs. Electa's cheeks, and dropped into her lap. I was crying. The homely farmhouse, the milkpans in the shed, the bread that was raising, all these things faded away from our consciousness, and a world of sweet, pure romance took their place.

The music ceased. Mrs. Electa turned to me, the tears still dropping from off her cheeks: "'Twouldn't have answered for her not to have it?" she whispered, interrogatively.

"Oh, no!" was what I answered from the depths of my heart. "It would not! It would not!"

Without good company all dainties lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes, are only seen, not tasted.—Massinger.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be gainer, to forget oneself is to be happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—Douglas Jerrold.

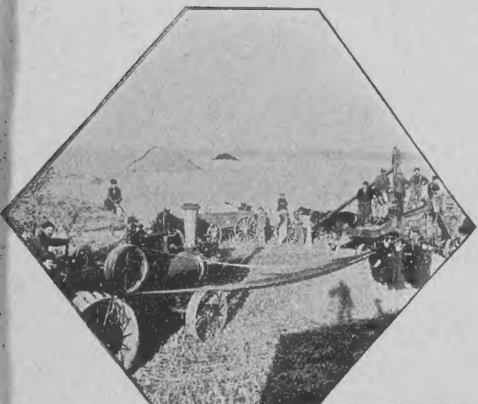
BOYS and GIRLS

Do you wish to secure
The Western Home Monthly
for the year 1904.

**Send one answer to Puzzle
or one New Puzzle.**

See page 24 of this paper.

No money is required.



The Home

The Power of a Mother's Voice.

A mother sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above;
Sang it as only a woman sings,
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

—Chas. S. Carter.

About Table Linens.

The fashion of covering the table with an under-cover of canton flannel is one of economy as well as nicety, as the soft padding protects the table from hot dishes, and it also prevents the table from wearing the linen. The appearance of a pretty, daintily set table depends largely on the quality and laundering of the table linen, for unless the tablecloth and napkins are thick and glossy the table will look shabby. The table cloths should always be hung evenly on the line, for if they are allowed to dry out of shape, stretching

and pulling them straight wears them much more than use. Avoid folding the tablecloth in the same creases every time it is ironed as the cloth will wear longer if the centre crease is moved occasionally an inch or so to either side, and the pieces not often used should be wrapped carefully in white tissue paper to keep them from turning yellow. If the colors in the embroidered pieces have become faded from careless washing they can often be brightened by dipping the linen in weak ammonia water, and after ironing such articles they should be placed in a large box that will hold them without folding, as creases will spoil the appearance of the linen. There is no better way to utilize the best parts of an old tablecloth than to cut them into a set of small traycloths for every day use, and it is never extravagant to buy good table linen, as every dollar added to the cost adds to the length of time it will give service. The embroidered pieces and other small cloths should always be washed by themselves in a warm pearline suds, and while the white pieces should be put to soak in the suds, those embroidered in colors should be washed and ironed as rapidly as possible. When ironing a nice table-cloth or large tray-cloth, it should be ironed all over singly, then folded and pressed, and the fewer folds and creases that are ironed into

Washing the Dishes.

We shall not all wash dishes in the same way. The rules prescribed below will perhaps suggest better ones to our readers. Even this work in which we indulge three times a day, only to repeat the next day, may have no interest to the one who studies to improve on present methods. Here are a few rules which the writer follows:

1. Before clearing the table, prepare a place in the kitchen for the soiled dishes, thus avoiding confusion and extra labor.
2. Gather up and remove the dishes methodically, glasses by themselves, silver and plates uniform in size in separate piles.
3. Save steps by using a tray or pan, thus carrying a larger number from the dining table at once.
4. Take a little more time, if necessary, and free all dishes from bits of food, grease, etc., which would make the dishwater dirty.
5. Use plenty of hot water, changing often. We eat from dishes which have passed through the dish-water.
6. Use soap or other preparations which will make the water soft and which will easily remove grease.
7. Place the dishes when washed in a wire drainer, or if one does not have this convenience, a substitute can easily



The Queen of Desserts

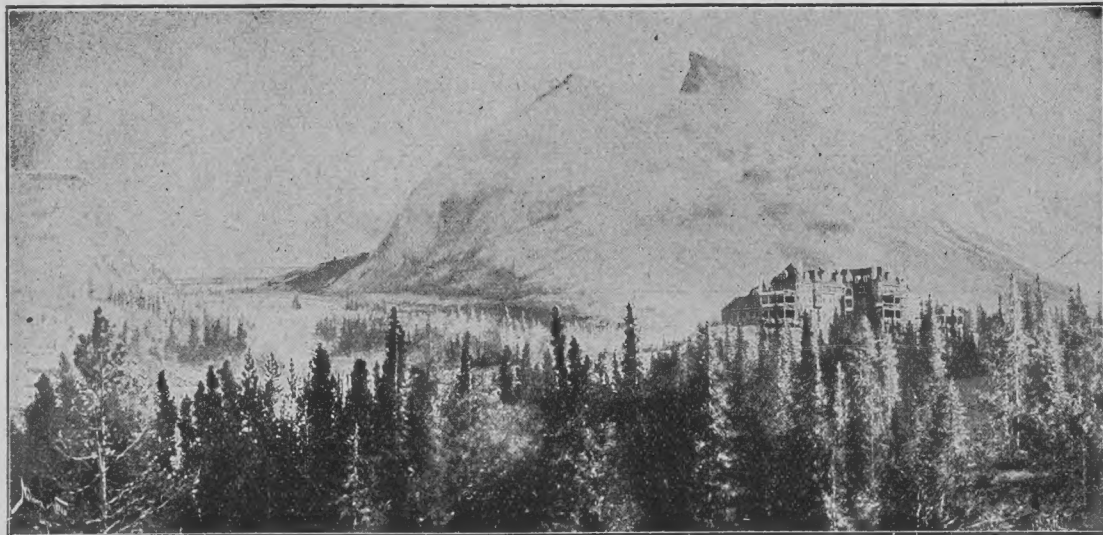
A ten-cent packet of **Blue Ribbon Jelly Powder** makes dessert for about six people—and pleases them all.

Flavored with **Blue Ribbon Extracts**—pure essence of fruit.

Save your **Blue Ribbon Coupons** and write for free Premium List, profusely illustrated, to . . .

Blue Ribbon Mfg. Co., Home Dept.
WINNIPEG

Salt, heated dry and applied to the outer surface over the seat of inflammation or congestion, will give relief,



C. P. R. HOTEL, BANFF

them the better, and be sure to have them perfectly dry before putting away.
—Exchange.

Treatment for freckles: Never use soap and water on your face directly after coming in from out of doors or just before going out. Protect the skin with a veil and dust well with a pure antiseptic powder. At night sponge the face with cucumber-milk. A good freckle lotion is made of 160 grains each of borax and best zinc oxide, one and one-fourth ounces each of glycerine and bay rum, five ounces of distilled water. Apply freely three times a day.

Afternoon Gown.

In the illustration herewith is shown a very nice afternoon gown. It is of white serge. The skirt, which is shaped with five gores, has a graduated shirred flounce, and the fullness at the back is gathered to the belt. The waist is cut from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of all-over and 1½ yards of insertion. The skirt is cut from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Do not speak of your happiness to one less fortunate than yourself.—Plutarch.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly.

be made by making a few holes in a large milk-pan, which may then be placed in a larger pan. Pour very hot water over the dishes. This will drain into the lower pan, leaving the dishes so bright and dry that only a little polishing with a towel is needed.

8. Clean dish towels are necessary to secure clean surfaces. Cleansing the towels each time they are used is the only way to secure this result.

9. Piling many dishes into the pan at once is not as well as taking the tumblers, silver, and other dishes by themselves.

10. Tea and coffee pots should be very thoroughly washed in clean water and each time after using.

11. A good dish-washer may count herself one of the chief treasures of the household.—Home and Flowers.

Things to Know.

For a soft corn dip a piece of linen cloth in turpentine and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is, every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain and soreness, and the corn will disappear after a few days.

The pain from an in-growing toenail can be relieved by treating with a mixture composed of one ounce chloride of zinc and one drachm each of muriatic and nitric acids; mix them thoroughly, and apply one drop daily to the afflicted toe.

For earache take five parts camphorated chloral, thirty parts of glycerine and ten parts of oil of sweet almonds. A piece of cotton is saturated and introduced well into the ear, and it is also rubbed behind the ear. The pain is relieved as if by magic, and if there be inflammation it often subsides quickly.

while the application of a strong hot solution of salt in water or vinegar acts favorably upon toothache, earache, neuralgic headache, and all that brood of distressing ills.

Licorice is one of the best sweeteners of the breath and possesses the advantage of having but little odor of its own. It may be chipped into small pieces and kept on the dressing table for occasional or constant use. It is said, too, that a bit of myrrh or burnt alum taken at night will answer the same purpose.

Mother.

The sun-rays bathe her in mellow light—
The strands of grey and the dear worn face.

More beautiful far than when baby eyes bright
First gladdened her young mother days.

Little hands fluttering on her breast,
Long folded meekly in waxen net;
Little lips that have lisped her name,
Long silent; you have not been in vain.

You have traced the beautiful lines of faith,
Of love and hope, on that peaceful brow;

You have pointed the way straight to Heaven's gate—
Ah, soon will she enter it now.

But the babes that have grown away from her knee,
They have traced sadder lines than the child above.

Oh, Mother, we kiss your dear hands and eyes—
We can bring you naught but our tribute of love!

—Anna Jacobsen.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

Bees Cure Rheumatism.

The New York Sun has the following from Berlin: Dr. Perc, of Marburg, addressed a brilliant gathering of physicians the other day on the healing properties of bee stings in cases of rheumatism of the joints and muscles. The professor pointed out that it has been known from time immemorial as a cure among the poorer classes of people, who have no faith in medical science. He has tested it thoroughly and proved its efficacy in five hundred cases. If a patient is suffering from rheumatism the stung part does not swell at first, nor until the bee poison is frequently introduced. Then the rheumatic pain gradually vanishes. Dr. Perc allows his patients to be stung at first by a few bees and then gradually increases the number. In one sitting he allows 70 bees to sting the patient. He described the case of a woman who suffered excruciating tortures from rheumatism. In the course of her cure she was stung 6,952 times and this resulted in a complete cure.

Charcoal for Poultry.

Pure charcoal, or the charred wood from the stove, when fresh, is an excellent aid in arresting bowel complaints, and is both simple and harmless. Where the hens have not had a variety, parched grain partly burnt affords an agreeable change, and serves nearly the same purpose as charcoal. Oats, corn, wheat, or even bran, will be readily eaten by hens when they have been regularly fed on a sameness of diet, and such food will greatly aid in arresting diarrhoea or other bowel disorders. In experiments made to determine the benefits of charcoal in feeding, if any, four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats, and four others of the same brood were at the same time confined in another pen and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food. These had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed, and there was a difference of one and one-half pounds each in favor of those supplied with charcoal. They were the fattest, and the meat was superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

Plain reds should be introduced into sleeping rooms with great care. Cool green and delicate pinks, with light yellows, if the room is north, are much more indicative of the freshness, daintiness and repose which these rooms should suggest.

Terse Suggestions.

All floor and whisk brooms should be wet in scalding hot brine before using them. It will effectually prevent the straw from breaking. Brooms will last much longer if they are dipped for a moment or two in a kettle of boiling suds each week. This will make them tough and pliable.

A thick solution of gum arabic, with plaster of paris to form a paste, makes a good cement for mending china. It dries in a few days.

Figs preserved with lemon juice and ginger, pickled and spiced, make a delicious conserve. If the dried fruit is used the figs should be steamed first.

To polish steel surfaces mix to a soft mass emery powder with a liquid composed of half sweet oil and half tur-

pentine. Cover the article with this and rub vigorously, then dust slightly, using a soft flannel rag with dry emery powder.

Cheese may be kept from drying or molding by wrapping it in a thoroughly wrung cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and then putting it into a paper bag, keeping it in a cool place.

Wire fences may be made not only sightly, but ornamental, by covering them with honeysuckle, which make a solid, dense hedge of bright green, while the odor from the flowers is fragrant and pervasive.

Eggs for winter use are most easily kept in dry salt. They are fully as good as the limed eggs, and much less trouble to fix.

Strong vinegar, heated almost to the boiling point, is excellent for removing paint from glass, while a cloth saturated with vinegar is about the only thing that will clean the little mica "windows" in the coal stove.

LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA

Hygiene of the Hair.

In order to give to your hair the hygienic care which it demands it is necessary, ladies, that you should know:

First, that the scalp dislikes dampness, which soaks it, and is hurtful to its vitality.

Second, that the scalp requires constant airing, to assist the evaporation of perspiration and other secretions of the skin, which have as injurious an effect upon it as dampness.

Third, that both the scalp and the hair dislike violent twisting and pulling, which put their strength and solidity to a hard test.

These three fundamental principles being known, they should be remembered and applied in the best way, and as frequently as possible.—Home Companion.

Cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it will flower and seed within eight days of planting.

Gilt frames can be cleaned by rubbing, gently, with half of a juicy onion. Set aside for an hour or two. Apply a cloth wet with tepid rain water, then dry immediately by pressing with a soft linen cloth until dry.

The value of pepper was known of old. We read that when Rome had to be ransomed from its barbarian conqueror in the year 409, Alaric demanded 3,000 pounds of pepper among the payments, and that Hippocrates used it in medicine, applying it to the skin.

When the seats of cane chairs begin to sag, turn them upside down and wash the wrong or under side of the cane with a strong lather of soapsuds in which you have put a little vinegar. When thoroughly saturated, wipe off the moisture and set aside until perfectly dry, and the seat will be as firm as when new.

YOU CAN MAKE \$3 TO \$10 A DAY
Fitting glasses for us. Big profits.
Our 24-page **FREE EYE BOOK**
tells how. Write for it today.
JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE. DEPT. 2096, JACKSON, MICH.



SIR D. H. McMILLAN

LADY McMILLAN

Above we present engravings of Sir D. H. and Lady McMillan, both admirers of the Canadian West and popular with the people. In 1870 Mr. McMillan came to this country from Collingwood, Ont., as Lieutenant of the Simcoe Rangers, on the Red River expedition, in command of Col. Wolseley, and from that time identified himself with Manitoba; in 1885 saw service during the Northwest troubles as senior Major of the 95th Battalion, and in 1883 commanded the battalion as Lieut.-Col. In 1879 he was elected to the Manitoba Legislature as Liberal representative for all Winnipeg, which position he held up to 1882; elected member for centre Winnipeg in 1888; was appointed Provincial Treasurer in May, 1889, and filled the office until the retirement of the Greenway government; took office as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in 1901, and was knighted in 1902. In 1879 Mr. McMillan married Mary Lindsay, at Collingwood. Lady McMillan was born in Dundee, Scot and

"Calling" at Government House.

The first day of the New Year is always looked forward to as "Calling" day at Government House, Winnipeg, and so popular are Sir D. H. and Lady McMillan with the citizens that on such occasions the building and equipment is taxed to the utmost. The public as a general rule pay their respects to Mr. McMillan and his estimable partner on that day, the House being thrown open to everyone.

His Honor accompanied by members of the Provincial Cabinet, take up positions in the Drawing Room, a little to the left, and opposite, of the Hall door. In the centre of the Drawing Room a bevy of ladies stand, headed, of course, by the Lieutenant-Governor's wife, the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, and the officers of the Garrison.

On entering the House callers are shown into the Breakfast Room, where overcoats are removed and taken in charge. You then emerge into the Hall, sign the Register Book and hand card, or give your name, to the announcing officer, who calls out your name. You walk up to the Lieut.-Governor, shake hands with him and his Cabinet Ministers, and then pass on to Lady McMillan and the others. Conversation is allowed, but too often there is no opportunity as the crowd forces one ahead as quickly as possible.

The caller then passes on to the Dining Room, at the end of which is a table laid out with all the delicacies of the season. At this table there are chairs for the convenience of the public, but very seldom are they used. Of the edibles you help yourself, tea and coffee being served by a number of ladies.

While in the Dining or Tea Room and participating in refreshments many friends and acquaintances are met, and conversation in a general way lasts at the pleasure of those attending.

The names as recorded in the Register Book are later on entered in an In-

vituation Book, and from this list invitations are issued to the functions that take place within Government House. It does not follow that by not calling a citizen is debarred from being invited to the various gatherings, but by so doing one is more apt to receive an invitation.

The present occupants of Government House are Sir D. H. McMillan, Lady McMillan and daughter, and they require no introduction to Manitobans. They are, as westerners call them, "Old Timers." As cited elsewhere, the Governor arrived here with the first contingent in 1870. He has resided in Winnipeg ever since and has filled many offices in the gift of the people, both in Parliamentary, Military and Masonic circles.

—ooo—

Fast living makes a slow liver.—Gold Dust.

Even if you think it, never say, "I can't." make it "I'll try"—then you will win.

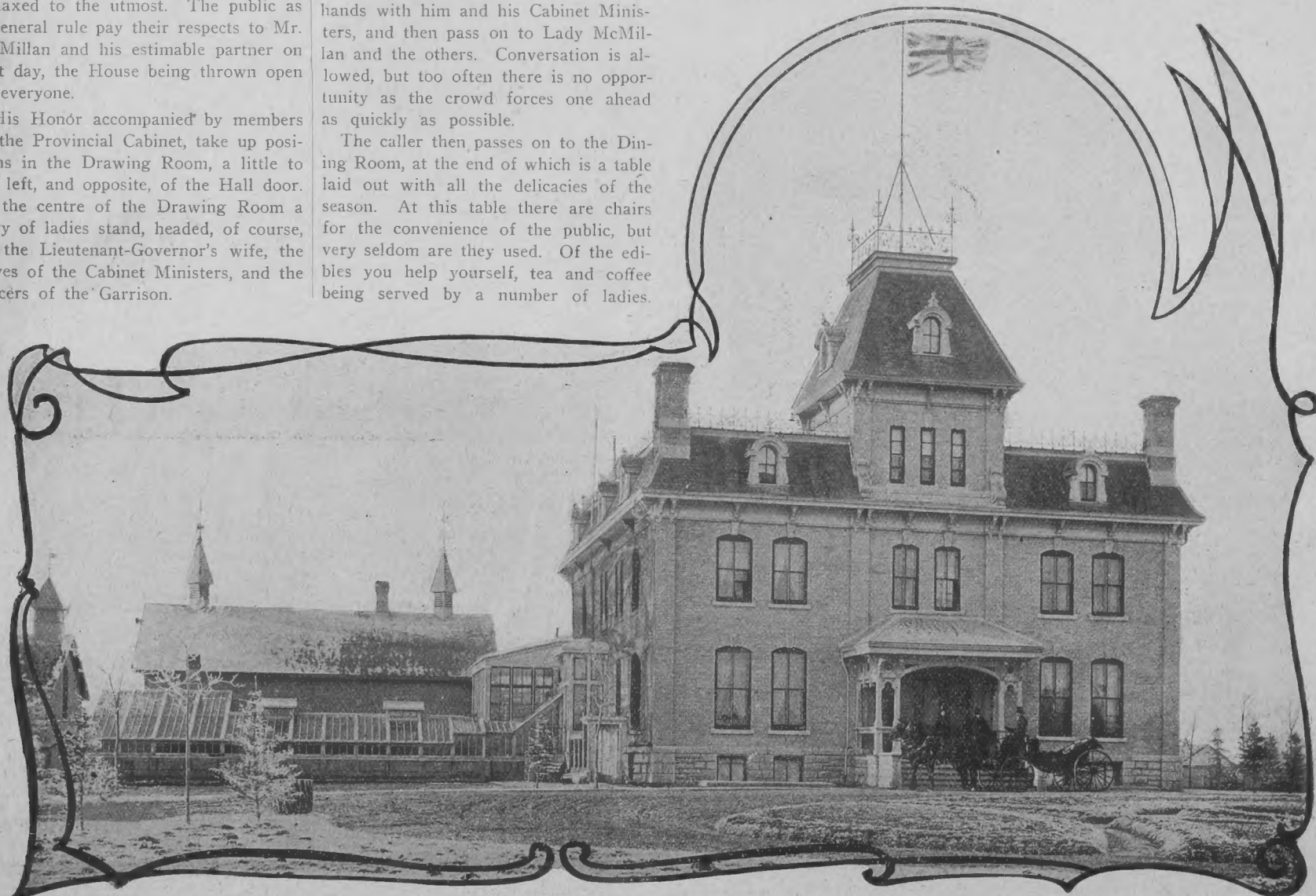
You can do much while you are talking about what you intend to accomplish.

When a man loses faith in human nature it is usually because he hasn't much left in himself.—Spatters.

Happiness is an art, and we have to learn how to be happy, just as we have to learn how to be good.—Gold Dust.

Work seeks the best hands as water runs down hill. To the prepared, the doors of success open of themselves.—Journal.

Of all the illusions that beset mankind, none is quite so curious as that tendency to suppose that we are mentally and morally superior to those who differ from us in opinion.—Gold Dust.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

This is a winter view of Government House and Grounds on Kennedy street, Winnipeg, so that the premises do not show to advantage. In summer it is a pretty spot, the flower beds and borders looking exceedingly fine. In front of the building is the splendid span of bays driven by His Honor Sir D. H. McMillan, a team much admired.



FRONT DRAWING ROOM



REAR DRAWING ROOM

Girls and Use of Slang.

It is unfortunate that slang phrases are so easily slipping into our everyday conversation, and taking apparently so fixed a place in our talk. And the worst of it is that so many people are using slang entirely unconscious of the fact that they are doing so. Some of our slang phrases are scarcely recognized as such, so familiar has common usage made them. Where a dozen years ago a refined girl would hesitate to use the most moderate slang phrase, to-day she employs the most expressive slang terms without thinking. A few years ago her most pronounced expression of surprise was "Oh, gracious!" After a while this was not strong enough, and we heard "Gee whiz!" Then it turned into "Heavens!" and so on. A girl speaks of a friend who is tired as being "knocked out," entirely unconscious that she is using a vulgarism of the most pronounced sort. "Nit" is used for "no"; the sense of being bored is expressed in "You make me tired." A young man impresses a girl, and he is spoken of as being "immense," or "way up," or he is "smooth." A girl of stylish carriage finds herself placed as being "swagger." A girl of nerve has "sand." For a girl to be told by her companion that she "is not in it" is a common thing. Things suit girls "down to the ground"; what they do not understand they do not "tumble to." And thus the vocabulary of slang grows.

This common use of slang is invading all circles, even among the most carefully-reared girls is it being observed. Girls are evidently forgetting that slang phrases and refinement are absolutely foreign to each other. The expressions are perhaps used in an off-hand manner, "as a joke," but that

does not mend matters. Slang is vulgar, and invariably vulgarizes the girl who uses it. The English language is good enough without the use of the dialect of the race track or the lingo of the baseball field. A girl may cause a smile by the apt use of some slang phrase, but, in-

and it is not a long step from the first slang expression to the first lapse of good breeding. It is easier to begin its use than to get rid of it. And like all such habits it has a steadily degenerating influence. It is the first little rift within the lute which soon gives to a

her conversation and the words which she uses proclaim her to others as nothing else does or can do—she will see how detrimental to her interests is slang, which is never refined, but always vulgar.



The Blues in the Kitchen.

The rain fell down for a week or more,
As if it had come to stay,
The wet wood smoked in the kitchen
stove

In a most provoking way.

The big logs said they were badly used,
And had laid out in the damp
Till the green sap rolling down their
sides,

Just gave them a touch of cramp.

The pot that stood on the rusty stove
Of a truth was really black,
The poker, a much enduring soul,
Complained of his aching back.

The irons up on the mantel shelf
Were as sad as they could be;
"They'd lost their temper," the shovel
said,

Anyone with sense could see.

The kettle sulked and refused to boil,
Not a sound came from its throat;
It declared when the fire would not
burn

It could never sing a note.

The bottle of indigo looked blue,
And trouble had just begun,
When shining out through the falling
rain,

Came the long-expected sun.

—Lizzie De Armond.



A song will outlive all sermons in the
memory.—H. Giles.



SITTING ROOM

wardly, those who applaud do not respect her any more for the use of the slangy phrases. Like all bad habits the use of slang should be avoided. Begun as a joke, it often ends in a habit. Bad manners soon follow slangy talk,

girl's presence a jar which everybody feels. No girl can afford to do a single thing calculated to mar her womanliness, and if she will simply bear in mind one great truth—that the tone of



BREAKFAST ROOM



DINING ROOM

Garden and Flowers

A Y's Farmer.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's
And study nature with his I's,
And think of what he C's

He hears the chatter of the J's,
As they each other T's;
And sees that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many "Haw's" and "G's,"
And their mistakes will be X Q's,
While ploughing for his P's

In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's;
And when he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose

Protecting our Flowers.

What more cheering view can greet the eye on entering a room than a few nice Geraniums, Fuchias, Begonias and other flowers in the window or in a corner. But how many disheartened women there are throughout the country from failure to keep Jack Frost away from their tender pets. Either they are accidentally left in the window some night or Jack pays us an extra severe visit, with the result that our plants are done for, for this winter, and probably totally destroyed.

A very simple and inexpensive, as well as effectual protection, I have found in the following: I procured a large packing box from the grocers, large enough to hold all my plants on top, when laid on its side. I papered the inside with several thicknesses of newspaper, leaving one side open. On each end of bottom of box I nailed a piece of two by four scantling and placed a castor in each corner, so as to wheel it wherever wanted. At night I place all plants inside of box, wheel it to warm part of room, and throw a rug or two over the box. This has proved successful in the coldest parts of Assiniboia, and I am well repaid for what little trouble it is. Draped in cretonne or art denim all unsightliness is taken away. Those who have kept their geraniums cut back during the summer will soon have their reward in seeing their plants throw out blossom after blossom of marvelous beauty. Do not repot, but simply take out a little of the soil from top of pot and refill with a mixture of loam, leaf mould and sand. As soon as buds appear give weekly applications of fertilizers. Do not keep them in too large pots, as they flower much better in small or medium sized ones. For a two year old plant a seven inch pot is about right.

If the leaves of our plants turn yellow and drop off, look to the drainage and repot with fresh soil, after cutting off diseased roots.

Cold tea and soap suds act as both a tonic and fertilizer, while the water in which fresh beef or liver has been washed makes an excellent substitute for the dried blood used by florists.—
Westerner.

Floral Table Decorations.

No decoration serves a more pleasing purpose, or adds a daintier touch to the appearance of the table than a centerpiece of flowers prettily and tastefully arranged.

In selecting flowers for the table, avoid gathering them promiscuously and placing them in the holder without any discrimination as to color or variety. You will have an arrangement certainly, but it will be woefully lacking in effect. Above all, do not cram them in the holder tightly massed. Place them in loosely, and try to preserve as much of the natural droop as possible.

The majority of short-stemmed flowers, such as violets, will appear to better advantage when arranged in a small ornamental fruit or flower basket and allowed to droop over the side with a few scattered on the cloth beneath. Even the most despised of blossoms, the dandelion, redeems itself if grouped in some shallow receptacle, such as a low openwork basket. In this connection adopt the entire plant, as the rather

fantastic appearance of the leaves gives a unique touch that would otherwise be missing.

Under no consideration despise the wild flowers. There is some irresistible natural charm about them, a sort of breeziness of character, that distinguishes them from their cultured kin of the garden. Perhaps it is because they are Nature's real children that she has been more lavish in her gifts. Anyway, the true lover of flowers will never cease to love the fragrance of the wild rose, and it always looks pretty on the table. Use considerable of the green leaves with the flowers, as they make the blossoms stand out better. If

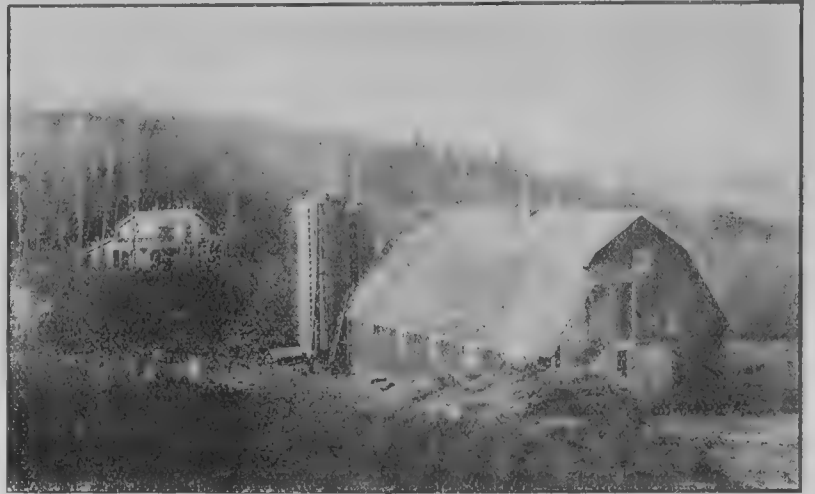
the leaves of flowers used are not effective or pretty enough, maiden's hair fern, smilax or the graceful feathery asparagus may be substituted to advantage. A little of the latter adds to any bouquet.

Flowers that have done duty on the table and have become faded may be restored to freshness by clipping the stems and putting them for a while in very hot water. Then put them in a fresh cold place, away from artificial heat. Flowers treated in this way have been known to keep fresh for almost a week.

Have a Flower Bed.

The love of flowers "grows by what it feeds on." Let the person who has never taken any particular interest in them begin their cultivation, and in a short time he becomes so fascinated with the delightful work that he wonders how he could so long have been blind to the pleasures of it. The man, woman or child who starts out with one little bed of flowers one year will, if successful with it, want several beds next year. The ultimate result is, a home in a flower garden. Flowers here, there everywhere. And such a change means much more to any family than a mere passing enjoyment of the beauty and the brightness of the flower. It means education, and culture, and refinement. It means a larger, better appreciation of beauty in all its phases. Try a flower bud.

An English writer thinks he has discovered a food particularly adapted to the literary man. He asserts that apples, and raw apples at that, are the best diet on which to feed genius, but that they should be eaten as the children eat them, skins and all, and in sufficient quantities to be satisfying.

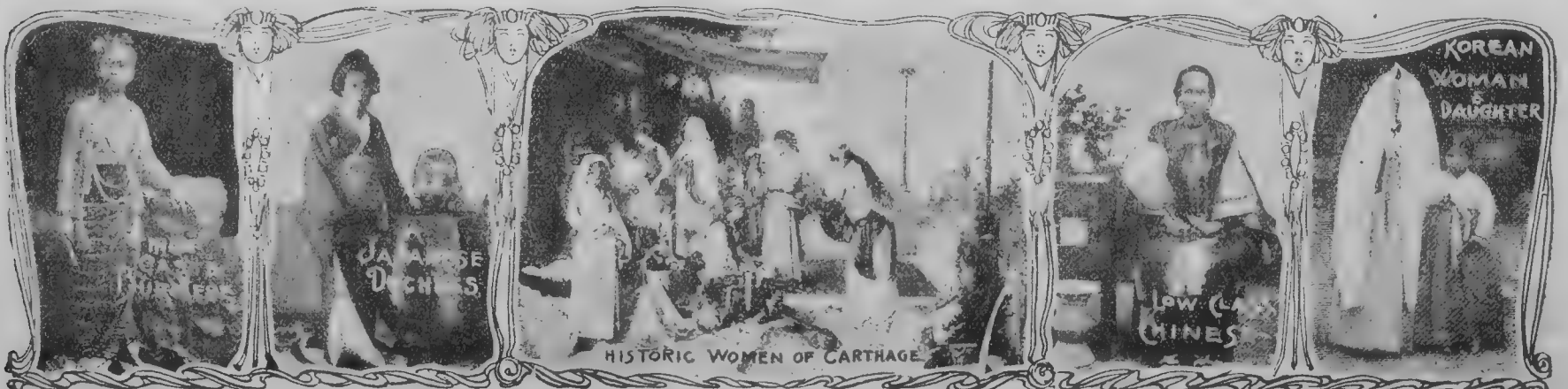


RAVINO FARM, NEAR MILLWOOD, MAN.

The residence is a well built, frame structure, standing on a very pretty spot, the scenery all around being fine. The barn is 30 x 50 with stone foundation; the lower storey is built with poplar frame, sheathed with hewn slats over which is a felt covering; concrete floor. The upper storey is built of spruce, cut in a bush saw mill, and the roof is covered with Mica roofing. The silo is built of 2 x 4 cedar, with 4 x 6 pine posts and round iron hoops, on concrete foundation, and is 12 ft. wide and 26 ft. high from the top of the foundation which is 9 in. thick and 4 ft. deep. Photo by W. H. Farthing



THE QUEEN OF SIAM



WOMEN IN OTHER LANDS

Every Inch a Man.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow,
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh;
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff,
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch
And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book—
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it;
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing:
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies;
"Back again sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mother
Our bravest heroes grew;
Earth's grandest hearts have been lov-
ing hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—Exchange.

A Garden on a Sponge.

Dampen a very large and coarse sponge and hang it by a cord in the inside of the window at the top. Sprinkle it thoroughly with clover, flax or mustard seed and very soon you will have a pretty round mass of green. Should there be any bare spots when the seeds begin to sprout, sprinkle the sponge again so that it may be altogether hidden when the growth is completed. Another novelty is a mat of grass made by cutting a piece of flannel the size of a large, deep plate, placing it therein, covering it with water and sprinkling it in the same manner as the sponge. Keep it on a sunny window-seat, moisten frequently, and you will have a pretty piece of green to gladden your eyes.

Lime Juice Island.

Nearly all the lime juice used in the world comes from the tiny island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows in West Indian Islands, but only in Montserrat is it used commercially. The island is one vast garden of lime trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight than its 30 miles of orchards, laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.

Curious Plowing Custom.

A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do because their forefathers did it.

To destroy slugs and earthworms in your garden water the plants with a solution of carbonate of ammonia one ounce to the gallon of water. The worms will come to the surface and perish. The ammonia will promote the growth of the plants.

To drive out the mosquito, Consul Plumacher, of Maracaibo, advises the planting of castor oil beans in yards and about buildings. He says he knows from personal experience that where the castor oil bean grows no mosquito or other blood-sucking insect will abide.

Fill out the slip inside this paper. Enclose it and Fifty Cents in the within envelope, and post it. The Western Home Monthly and the Business Guide will then be sent you.

The Western Home Monthly



Clubbing Offer

FOR 1903-1904.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star, for one year, together with their premiums,

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Free Press, Winnipeg, and their premium pictures.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Tribune, Winnipeg.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Telegram, Winnipeg.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Witness, Montreal.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Globe, Toronto.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Mail & Empire, Toronto.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Nor'-West Farmer and their premium, "Farmer's Handy Book,"

ALL FOR \$1.25.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

The Western Home Monthly

STOVEL BUILDING,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.



A Family Journal devoted to all that appeals to the Home.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.
The Stovel Co.,
Printers,
WINNIPEG, - - CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION: 50c. A YEAR to any address in Canada or the United States. Foreign and City of Winnipeg subscriptions, 75c. a year, to cover delivery charges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We will not knowingly admit any fake or obscene advertisements in our columns, and we would esteem it a favor if our readers would promptly notify us should they not be fairly treated by any advertiser.

Address all correspondence and make all remittances to

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.
Stovel Building, Winnipeg.

JANUARY, 1904.

A Daily and Monthly for \$1.25.

We have pleasure in informing our readers that we have entered into a clubbing arrangement with the Toronto News, which will permit us to sell The News and The Western Home Monthly at the rate of \$1.25 a year. The news of the day is thoroughly covered in its columns. A specialty is made of political and parliamentary news, its reports being very full and free from party bias. Public and particularly political questions receive thorough and fair editorial treatment in its columns, and it is safe to say that few papers in Canada are more widely quoted than The News. The Saturday issue contains all the best features of a high-class weekly, its pages being replete with interesting matter on many topics. For anyone who wishes to keep in touch with affairs in Eastern Canada, there is no better paper than The News. Sample copies can be obtained by dropping a card to The News, Toronto.

A Clean Sheet for To-day.

If you could increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and remember all the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all the personal quarrels or histories you have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them; and the constant thought of the act of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—Selected.

Prosperity in business is not a sign or proof of the rectitude of one's principles. That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of Heaven.

The Bible gives four names to Christians—Believers, because of their faith; saints, because of their holiness; brethren, because of their love; disciples, because of their service.

True Sympathy.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see hot tears falling,
Falling from a brother's eyes,
Share them—and thus by the sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

—N.Y. Tribune.

The loftier our ideal of God, the nobler our moral instincts of justice and mercy, the larger our spirit of philanthropy, the more burning and vehement our hatred of cruelty and wrong, the harder may be the problem for us to reconcile what we think God ought to do with what we find He actually does.

Take Heed.

It is not want of capacity nor want of opportunity that causes so many to fail. A way has been provided for all whereby they may live a good life. Multitudes go down under temptation, not because they intended to do so, but because they did not think what they were doing. The drunkard did not think, when he took the first step in the downward way, that it would lead him to ruin.

The prodigal did not think, when he left his father's house, that he would soon be a wreck. The man who comes to the close of life, and looking back sees that his life has been a complete failure, did not consider whither he was going as he journeyed carelessly along. "Take heed what ye hear." "Take heed to thyself." "Take heed that no man deceive you."

"Unheedfulness—that is the worst of foes;

Unheedfulness, of poisons all most fell;

It is the path to hell and death that goes;

The robber at salvation's citadel."

—Exchange.

Our birthdays, after we grow wise enough to understand their significance, what are they but warnings that sound at intervals from off the rockbound coast of time?

Comes Dancing o'er the Snow.

Who comes dancing over the snow?
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow.

Take the child in and make him cosy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and treat him kindly;

For you must carry him yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
Whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him. God sends him, this good New Year.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

It is well to be independent. It is well to think for yourself. It is well to do what you are sure is right and wise, whether others approve or not. It is well to have some fixed opinions which can not be swayed by every breath of public sentiment. But it is, also, well to give due respect and consideration for the opinions of others. It is even possible that they may sometimes be right, and you wrong. By considering their opinions and their reasons for such opinions, you may sometimes learn something.

It is an infamy to die and not be missed.—Carlos Wilcox.



DIVIDING THE PIE

Sing a Song.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied
wrong;
In spite of the doubt, if you'll fight it
out,
And show a heart that is brave and
stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse
the tears
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward
cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a little
song—

If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,
You'll find that the busy, rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad re-
frain;

That the sun will follow the blinding
rain;

That the clouds will fly from the black-
ened sky;

That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope
descends

From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you plod
along!

—♦♦♦—

Autobiography of a Post Office Pencil.

By C. W. Guest.

I am now only a poor stub of a pencil, soon to be tossed into the fire as of no further use, and I am glad that I have fallen into the hands of a delicate master who, through my influence, has begun this report.

I have often of late longed for this opportunity before I dwindled quite away, for there are not a few things I want to tell to the people, although they have been cruel to me all my life, knocking me about, biting me, cutting me and letting me fall.

Once I was new, with a beautiful blue coat which shone as glass.

After I was made I lay dormant, along with others like me, in a cardboard box. We were called "The Imperial," and as much as a poor pencil could be, I was proud of my name.

One by one my companions were lifted out of the box, taken away, and I saw them no more.

At last my time came, for one morning a girl grabbed me in her fingers and sharpened me with a cruel knife.

Then she tied a string around me and hung me up near a desk. I was a post-office pencil, and people wanting to use me took me up roughly and afterwards let me drop with a carelessness that made the string squeeze me

nearly in two and jerk me up against the desk as if I were a common doll in a punch and Judy show, such as I have heard of.

There was, even to my wooden ideas, indications of wondrously divergent characters in the methods and manners of the people who used me. Some even took me up gently, languidly perhaps, and wrote with me evenly and with ease, while the next grasped me as though I had been dangerous, ran me rapidly and crossly over the surface, stamping out their full stops with a bang, and flourishing me as though I had been a child's drum stick.

Many people had the habit of putting me in their mouths before using me, and at intervals as they wrote.

Always I was covered with dust when the janitor swept the floor, and he never thought of rubbing it off me though he dusted the desk.

One morning a youth took me up, and ugh! popped into an ink pot, thinking probably I was a pen, and covering me with black, nasty ink. Then after him came a man smoking a pipe, and he put me in his mouth without noticing my inky head. After a while a Chinaman came to me, put me in his mouth also (and such a mouth it was), and then, by Jove! a pretty, fresh-looking girl picked me up, and she, without a moment's thought or consideration, put me in her mouth too.

I fancy she wrote something to her lover, for she ended with many crosses, moistened from her pretty mouth, and the other peoples'.

It was funny, too, the different styles people had in writing with me, and the different paper I was used upon.

I hated to be dragged over a poor, nasty, thin sheet or envelope, and how could I be expected to mark well when I had to write on a paper laid upon an uneven desk? Though a hard black, I am a delicate creature and I like a soft carpet better than anybody.

Now there is hardly anything left on me of my once proud name, and soon there will be nothing of me. Well, I have had my day, and having run my course I must make way for another. I have only been a slave and have cost my owners so little, yet I have made my impressions.

—♦♦♦—

What's a Hog's Time Worth?

James J. Hill, the railway magnate, is noted for his wonderful mastery of detail, not only in all departments of his railroad work, but in everything else to which he turns his attention. As is well known, he is himself a farmer, and takes the liveliest interest in grain and stock raising. He pursues a strong and fixed policy in the breeding of live stock, and upon the occasions where he has attended farmers' meet-

ings has surprised those present by his knowledge of the subjects under discussion. Samuel Hill, his son-in-law, manager of the Seattle gas works, and president and leading spirit of the Washington State Good Roads Association, tells a good story which illustrates this characteristic of the railway magnate, and shows, moreover, his keen sense of humor:

A number of years ago, while in Washington City, the two Hills met ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, editor of Hoard's Dairyman, and straightway the senior Hill was deep in a discussion relative to the best ration for feeding hogs. While engrossed in this subject they were spied by a congressman, who intruded himself straightway. If there is anything Jim Hill don't want around him it's the average congressman filled with his own overwhelming self-importance.

"What did you say you'd feed a fifty-pound hog?" queried the governor.

And Mr. Hill proceeded to figure up a balanced ration with corn, skim milk and a little oil meal.

"Good; good!" cried the governor, clapping his hands at Mr. Hill's keenness in answering the problem.

"Did you ever try wheat?" broke in the congressman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hill, "it's a little too starchy, but will make a good feed in lieu of corn."

"How do you feed it?" was the next question. "Do you soak it or feed it dry?"

"Dry," was Mr. Hill's answer.

"Wrong—all wrong! You ought to feed it wet. If you feed it dry it takes the animal two hours to eat it."

Turning to the congressman, Mr. Hill dryly asked:

"What do you figure the hog's time worth an hour?"

The congressman was squelched, and hurriedly withdrew, leaving them to continue their discussion without further interruption.

—♦♦♦—

950,000 Rats in a Steamer.

When the United States military transport Sherman arrived at Manila recently she was, as is the case with most other ships that arrive from or touch at Hong Kong on the way to Manila, detained for inspection to see if she had any rats on board. When the big transport dropped anchor in Manila bay, therefore, the official rat inspector went on board to see what

was doing in the way of rodents. In less than fifteen minutes he hurriedly left the ship, and, going ashore, reported that there was on board the Sherman, according to the patent rat enumerator in use at Manila, no fewer than 950,000 rats.

The Sherman was immediately ordered to the quarantine station at Mariveles, as no ship on which the disease carrying rodents are found is allowed to dock at Manila until they are exterminated. Accordingly the Sherman steamed back to Mariveles. When she arrived there her hatches had been opened up and enough sulphur carried below to kill millions of rats. As soon as the anchor was dropped the sulphur fires were started in the hold, and in a few minutes the work of the fumes became apparent.

Out of the hatches there poured such a stream of rats as was never before seen in the Orient. First by the hundreds, and then by the thousands, they appeared at the hatches, and then leaped into the water. Every one tried to swim ashore, but the distance was far too great for any rat to swim, and soon the great black line of paddling rodents began to thin out. Some of them reached a point about 300 yards off the ship, but none got any further. After the fumes had been working for about an hour the rats stopped appearing. An inspection of the ship was made and not a rat discovered. The Sherman then re-entered Manila and discharged her cargo.—Manila American.

Some Day.

"Some Day," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.
Some time, some day, our eyes shall
see

The faces kept in memory,
Some day their hands shall clasp our
hands

Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time: but oh! not yet;
But we will wait and not forget.

That some time all these things shall
be,

And rest be given you and me.

So wait, my friend, though years move
slow,

The happy time will come, we know.



Up-to-Date Doukhobors

On this and the next page we give views taken upon Doukhobor homesteads. They are from the colony in the Swan river district, and were sent to Mr. J. Obed Smith, Immigration Commissioner, to show the advancement made by a number of these people.



UP-TO-DATE CITIZEN

This is cut of a young Doukhobor, and shows how readily the ways of the country are adopted. He stands in front of his prairie cottage ready to mount the bicycle.

ple, who came to this country four years back. They are quite interesting as the past and present are depicted by them. These settlers are gradually abandoning their old-fashioned modes and methods, both as to dress and the manner of doing their work. It will not be a great while before they are as up-to-date as the rest of us. This applies not only to the heavier class of machinery, in which they have shown a disposition to secure the latest improved for farming, but along other lines.

Lately two Remington typewriters, one with Russian type and the other English, were purchased, through Mr. Smith, for use in the office of Peter Veregin, at Yorkton. They will be manipulated by Doukhobor operators, who already read and write English quite well.

A recent lady visitor to the colony informs The Western Home Monthly that for cleanliness and tidiness the homes are models. Everything is in fine shape; even the streets are kept in excellent order.

All human power is a compound of time and patience.—Balzac.



AT NOON

Doukhobor watering his horses. They are noted for having the very best of stock, and take good care of them. He certainly looks like a prosperous Canadian.

Driving Out the Giants.

The temperance struggle is an old one. It would seem that speakers and writers would long since have exhausted the force of language in denouncing the drink evil, and in calling upon men and women to array themselves against it. And so, indeed, they have done very largely, but there are unworded arguments more powerful than come from the platform or page, and these will appeal to conscience and judgment as long as the evil lasts. Every besotted life, every broken heart, every ruined home, every shrinking woman and frightened child that listen in the night for the uncertain, shuffling footsteps that mean to them mental and perhaps physical torture, after hours of suspense—such arguments as these are not answered. They can and will keep alive the question and force the issue as long as the state sells the peace of helpless innocents for money.

But it is not a losing battle. Already, estimated by states and counties, about one third of the United States is under



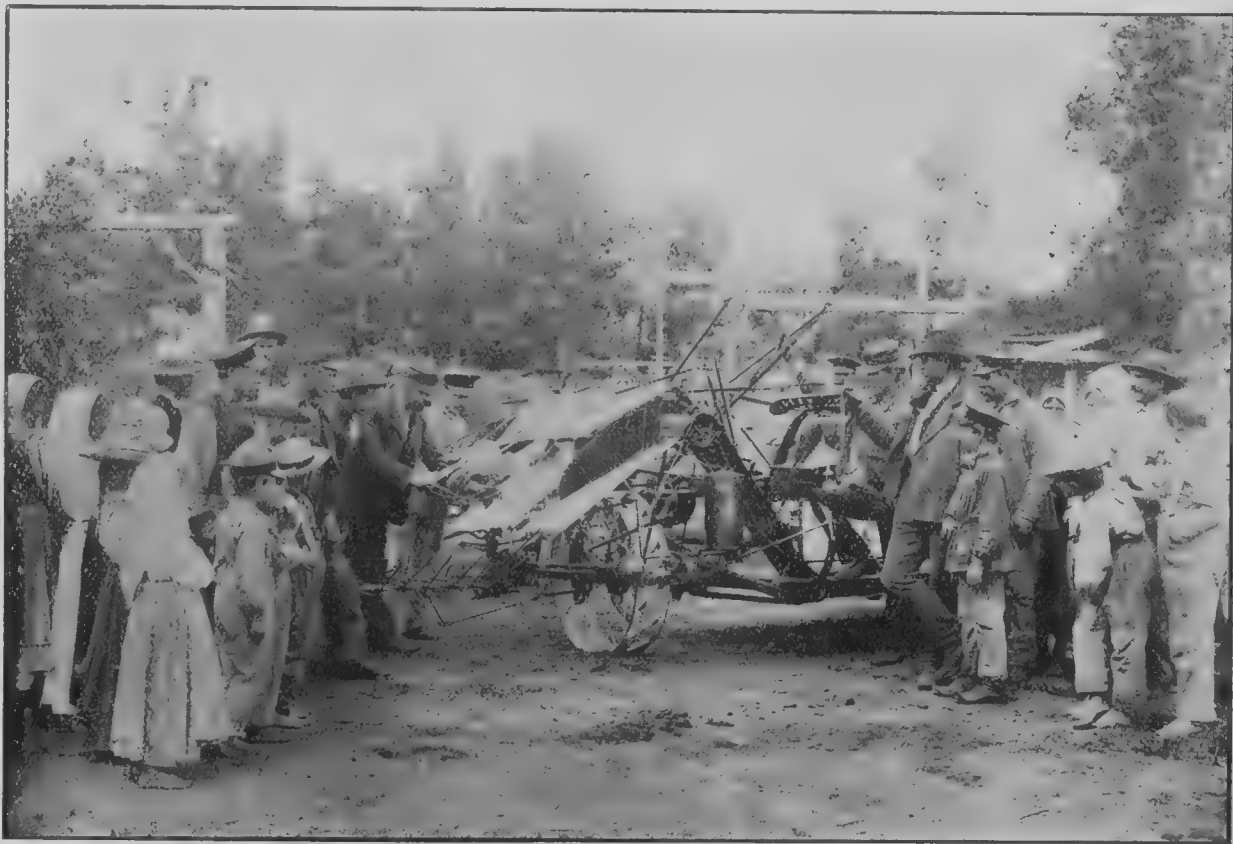
THE DOUKHOBORS TRIBUTE TO CANADA

This illustration shows typical clothing on arrival in the West replaced by that of more modern style.

in many such communities those who sell it and those who drink it must resort to the methods of evil conspirators in order to covertly break

Eight Great Secrets of Success.

A man with a mania for answering advertisements has had some interest-



FIRST REAPER ON A DOUKHOBOR HOMESTEAD

An object of curiosity as it was being put in shape by the expert, but also evidence that Canadian environment has overcome the Doukhobor fondness for old fashioned methods. Notice the eagerness with which they watch the erection of the machine.

legal prohibition. It remains to place and keep in office men who will enforce law, before the business can be actually driven out of this territory from which it has been legally banished. Still the amount of liquor drunk is greatly reduced in such places, and

the law.

While but a third of the country has at least outwardly come up to the standard, an immense moral gain has been made in the last century. A man can no longer engage in the liquor business and be looked upon as acceptable in the best circles in any intelligent community. The saloon keeper is socially ostracised, and deservedly so. Even people who have no scruples against a glass of wine or beer themselves, consider the man who sells it as a step too low for themselves or their families to meet in a social way. No real estate dealer, or owner of valuable property, wants a saloon to locate near his landed interests. In fact, the whole business is to-day by common consent, classed as disreputable, and those who defend it largely depend on the illogical argument that it is a necessary evil, and cannot be abolished though it may be restricted. It has taken a long and vigorous fight to gain such results, but it has been well worth while, and the good warfare should be prosecuted with redoubled zeal from this time on.—Gospel News.

ing experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. And he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it."

Then he sent 50 cents to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out: "Just take hold of the tops and lift."

Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read: "Sit down on a pan of dough."

Next advertisement he answered read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and thus double his money.

He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work hard and never spend a cent." That stopped him.

But his brother wrote to find out how to write without a pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card: "Fish for easy marks, as we do."

General Advice.

Never pay more attention to society than to business.

Never fail to observe good manners—everything counts.

Never forget that true greatness is not measured in cash.

Never have dealings with people whom you know to be dishonest.

Never worry about your worries—let them worry themselves out.

Never accept one side of a controversial argument as the whole truth.

Never put too much faith in strangers—they are quite apt to "do" you.

Never fail to use your leisure time for improvement—of your handwriting if nothing else.

Never hesitate to make a friend of an enemy but ever after hold him at arm's length.

Never forget that good resolutions cost nothing—it is the breaking of them that is expensive.

Never expose your hand—let people find out for themselves what you do not care to tell them.

Never go into new enterprises without understanding fully where you will be at when once you are in.



What to Read.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in powers of reasoning? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Mackenzie and Goethe.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edward's works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible.



The Art of Letting Go.

We held on to a great many things last year which we should have let go—shaken off entirely. In the first place, we should expel from our minds completely the things which cannot be help-

ed—our past misfortunes, the trivial occurrences which have mortified or humiliated us. Thinking of them not only does no good, but it robs us of

It is just as important to learn to let go as to hold on. Anything that cannot help us to get on and up in the world; anything that is a drag, a stum-

recalling past misfortunes, sufferings, and failures. They dwell upon such experiences, and repaint the dark pictures until the mind becomes melancholy and sad. If they would only learn to drive them out, and banish their attempts to return, as they would banish a thief from the house, those painful thoughts would cease to demand entrance. We want all we can get of sunshine, encouragement, and inspiration. Life is too short to dwell upon things which only hinder our growth. If we keep the mind filled with bright, hopeful pictures, and wholesome thoughts—the things only which can help us on and up in the world—we shall make infinitely greater progress than by burying ourselves in glowing retrospection.

One of the first lessons in life is to learn to be absolute master of one's own mind, to clear it of its enemies, and to keep it clear. A well-trained mind will never harbor thoughts inimical to success or happiness. You have the ability to choose your mind's company; you can call up at will any guest you please. Then why not choose the noblest and best?



Remodelling the Nose.

An interesting article in the July Current Literature treats of experiments in remodelling the nose by the injection of paraffin. Some four years ago Dr. Gersuny of Vienna invented the injection of paraffin as a substitute for fibrous tissue in the living body. He performed a number of remarkable operations, but unfortunately an accident occurred that brought the treatment for a time into discredit. But in 1901 Dr. Moskovicz, Dr. Gersuny's assistant, published the history of more than thirty reasonably successful cases. "Clefts and fistulae were narrowed, cavities here and there were filled up, prolapses and hernia were kept back, smallpox marks were taken out, sunken noses were remodelled, the falling in of the cheek after removal of the upper jaw was repaired, and a nerve divided for the relief of neuralgia was prevented from growing together again. Though in some instances there was a lack of discretion in the use of paraffin, the successes were many."



The sweetest flowers of life fade as soon as they blossom. Some perish ere they have attained maturity, and leave not a single trace behind; how few even bring forth fruit, and when they do, how rarely that fruit ever ripens!



We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good many of us look complacently at ourselves in the glass sometimes, and cheerfully think that we are pretty near it.



ARRIVAL OF DOUKHOBOR LEADER AT THRESHING

The leader, Peter Veregin is seen in the front seat of the wagon with his niece at his left hand. His secretary, Simeon Riban, is standing at the front of the team, his hand on the neck-yoke. So pleased was Mr. Veregin with the working of the machines, that he ordered six additional outfits.



THE FIRST SEASON'S THRESHING

This cut shows the first season's threshing done by Doukhobors. The grain was worked out by rollers and trampling of the horses.

peace and comfort. The art of forgetting useless things is a great one, and we should learn it at any cost.

bling block, or a hindrance, should be expunged from our memory. Many people seem to take a positive pleasure in



DOUKHOBOR THRESHING GANG

The man at the rear of the watering cart has adopted western pants, but is wearing the coat of his native land; the other members of the gang have on up-to-date clothing. Canadian engineer and fireman are instructing the Doukhobors to run the engine.

Winter Travels and Transportation in the Wilds of Alaska

The dog driver of northern Alaska will tell you that there is more pleasure in travelling by dog-team in the dead of winter, when the mercury is knocking at the bottom of the glass, than there is in travelling in a stuffy Pullman car or a death-dealing automobile. He may never have seen either a railroad train or a motor car, but that fact does not render him any less emphatic. In his own region of endeavor he will arouse controversy on the comparative merits of the various methods of winter travel, on the part of the reindeer

for their means of travel and inter-community communication.

Seven thousand residents of Nome on the shore of Behring Sea, receive their letters from friends at home during the winter, only after those longed for missives have been carried 1,000 miles by sea, 400 miles by horse sled-stage, and 1,242 miles by dog team. The distance and the difficulties of the route are so great that news of the result of a presidential election in November does not reach Nome until well along in the following March. At Nome, the north-bound mail for residents of Point Barrow, a thriving trading centre on the coast of the Arctic sea, changes from dog teams to reindeer sleds for another journey of 1,000 miles to destination.

Imagine a region as large as the combined areas of the twenty states stretching along the Atlantic and Gulf coast from Maine to Texas, a region almost without railroads, without roads, practically without trails, in the winter time without navigable rivers, a region the population of which averages about one person to each 5,000 square miles of territory, and the reader has a basis for a calculation of the dangers and difficulties of winter travel in Alaska. Picture such a region covered with a fall of unpacked snow, drifted by the winds until the exposed hillsides are bare and the canons and valleys are filled, consider the temperature ranging all the way from zero to sixty degrees below, choke the rivers with ice, gorged in places so as to be impassable, and one has just begun to thoroughly appreciate the obstacles which confront the dog driver as he starts out from Nome for his first winter trip of perhaps several hundred miles, leading his unwilling dogs against a fierce head wind which cuts his face like a white-hot knife.

The methods of winter travel and transportation in Alaska are many and varied. Across the narrow strip along the southern coast-line, for which this country is now contending with Great Britain, there is a well constructed and equipped railroad which summer and winter maintains a regular daily passenger service, the equal of that of any short railroad line in the United States. From White Horse, the interior ter-

where there are stored supplies of food and forage. For, to continue useful, the horse requires regular feeding, and he eats so much in proportion to his carrying capacity, that for him to haul his own rations for a journey of any length is impracticable.

The same is true to an even greater extent of cattle which are used to some extent in Alaska both as draft and pack animals. But cattle are better browsers and will eat the leaves of trees, young shoots or anything green which shows above the snow, and may even themselves be killed and eaten in case of emergency. Angora goats have been tried in Alaska as draft animals, but they are light of weight, tender of injury, require shelter and careful handling and are useless except in a broken trail. Mules make the finest of pack animals on a beaten trail, being hardy and enduring abuse well, but their small feet render them helpless in soft snow. Occasional experiments have been made in training young moose for the trail, but they possess little intelligence and their wild nature is such that they cannot be thoroughly domesticated in one generation. Dogs have been used as pack animals at various times and places where the trail is not good for sledding, and within the limits of their strength they are as useful in that capacity as when used as draft animals.

But after all other animals have been tried, for the long journey, through the wild country, where the trail is unmarked or unbroken, the dog team is final favorite. The dog driver with his team of Aleutian dogs, half-savage wolf-like brutes, carrying provisions for himself and his team, will start out on a winter journey of five hundred miles with as little apparent concern as is displayed by the suburbanite when he leaves his home in the morning for a trip to the city by trolley car.

With a broken trail, favorable weather and his dogs in condition, he will cover his daily distance of from forty to fifty miles without unusual exertion. Instances in which dog drivers have covered a hundred miles in twenty-four hours of continuous travelling are not rare in the annals of Alaska and the Klondike. But if the bitter Arctic wind is blowing the coarse sleet fairly in his face and his dogs refuse to face it alone, or if the trail is unbroken, he will bind his snowshoes to his feet, and, leading his team by a thong of walrus hide, pursues his course patiently, steadily, persistently, hour after hour, with a heroism and a persistence worthy of a greater recognition. If, perchance, he loses his way or is overtaken by a blizzard, he will crawl with his dogs under any sheltering projection, or bury himself under the snow to await a change in the weather.

The reindeer is swifter than the dog, but he loses in endurance the advantage he possesses in speed. For the first fifty miles a reindeer in good condition will distance the dog team. But travelling day after day, the dog team will wear out and pass him. The reindeer is able in certain places to dig down under the snow and seek his own food, while the dog requires to be fed on dried or frozen fish. But the reindeer have other forms of usefulness and are increasing in numbers and may, with the establishment of trails, soon distance the dog in popularity.—Opportunity.

"Who is that handsome young man standing over there?" inquired an old gentleman of a rich old lady at a party.

"That's my son-in-law. He's a very brilliant young man—made a large fortune by the law."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman. "How's that?"

"The law made him my daughter's husband."

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?"

"Yes, mamma; we sung a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice cream mountains.'"

A Plea for Native Plants.

Eben E. Rexford in *Home and Flowers*, has the following well-timed article on the wild flower garden, which with slight changes we have made, is quite applicable to the Canadian West: The writer of this article has always been a lover of native plants. Not simply because they are native, but because they are quite as beautiful as many of the plants brought here from other countries. This being the case, why should we not take pride enough in them to give them first place in our home gardens?

Many otherwise intelligent persons are under the impression that we have few, if any, flowering plants and shrubs that are worthy of cultivation. They have come to look upon them as "weeds," or "wild things," as if all plants were not weeds and wild things somewhere, and so unfamiliar are they with them that they can not recognize them when they meet with them outside their native haunts. I remember that some years ago I transplanted a Golden Rod from the fence-corner of the pasture to a place in my garden. There it grew luxuriantly, and soon became a great plant that sent up scores of stalks as high as a man's head, each season, each one crowned with a great plume of brilliant flowers. It was a sight worth seeing when in full bloom—a mass of floral sunshine, that brightened the whole garden. One day, in the fall, an old neighbor came along and leaned over the fence where I was at work among my plants.

"That's a beauty," he said, looking at the Golden Rod. "I never saw anything like it before. I s'pose, now, you paid a good deal o' money for that plant."

"How much do you think it cost me?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, looking at the plant admiringly, and then at some of foreign origin, growing near by. The price of these he knew something about, for he had bought some for his own garden. He seemed to be making a mental calculation, based on the relative beauty of the plants. Presently he said:

"I wouldn't wonder any if you paid out as much as two or three dollars for that plant. How near right am I?"

"That plant cost me nothing but the labor of bringing it from the pasture where I found it growing," I answered. "Don't you know what it is? There's any quantity of it in your pasture, back of the barn."

"You don't mean to say that's Yellowweed?" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a disgusted look on his face. "I wouldn't have it about my house! There's weeds enough, as it is, 'thout settin' 'em out." And away he went, with a look in his face that made me think he felt as if he had been imposed on.

While it is true, in many instances, that "familiarity breeds contempt," it is equally true that familiarity without prejudice would often open our eyes to the fact that beauty exists all about us, in the lanes, and fields, and forests. We are not aware of the prevalence of it until we go out in search of it. Then we find it everywhere. Nothing is so plentiful, or so cheap, as beauty, to the lover of the beautiful. It may be had for the taking.

We have fallen into the habit of looking to other lands for plants with which to beautify our grounds, thus neglecting the beauty at our own doors. A shrub with a long name and a good big price attached will win our admiration, while a more beautiful native one is wholly overlooked. This ought not to be so. "Home first, the world afterward," is the motto of many patriotic men and women, and it ought to be the motto of the lover of beautiful plants, when he is searching for something with which to ornament the home grounds.

Tea was first mentioned in Chinese annals 2700 B. C.



TRACK LAYING ON WHITE PASS & YUKON R.R.

driver, who defends his own animal with all the pride of personal possession and championship, even while his team takes fright at his opponent's dogs and bolts across the tundra, dragging after it all of his earthly possessions.

The life of the dog driver is a life of loneliness and trial, but it is nevertheless a life which has its own keen enjoyment of victory. For the dog driver there is the liberty of the boundless landscape, but with it there is the oppression of the uninhabited wilds. For him there is the constant presence of danger and trial, but with danger and trial there is the exhilaration inspired by the conquest of difficulties unknown to and distances undreamed of by the average home-staying American citizen.

That settlement and civilization in a new country depend in a large measure on the development of lines of communication has become an axiom of commercial philosophy. The ability to procure the common necessities of life in a new country is so dependent on



REINDEER MAIL CARRIERS AT WORK.

the available means of communication with the rest of the world, that there has always been given to questions of transportation much of the best energies of all progressive peoples.

Americans as a race are liberally endowed with ingenuity and resource and no place else in the world are these faculties shown to greater advantage than in Alaska where twenty-five thousand white residents, choice spirits of a race of industrial giants, are engaged in a game of conquest, the like of which has never before been witnessed in any country. Despite the tremendous changes which have taken place in the country since the gold discoveries of a few years ago, Alaska is still no place for weaklings. The natural laws of the trail and the camp and the wild are inexorable and the penalty for their violation is suffering, frequently the loss of life or limb.

With all of their ingenuity and resource, despite all of their efforts, experiments and expenditures, so great are the difficulties and distances confronting the American conquerors of Alaska, that they are still compelled to depend in the winter time principally on the dog team

minus of the railroad, the White Pass and Yukon route maintains a daily stage service to Dawson during the winter months. The stages are large sleds, each drawn by four hardy Indian ponies from the ranges of Oregon and Washington, and they make the journey of 400 miles in from four to five days under ordinary conditions of weather and trail, the passengers spending the nights at comfortable road houses en route.

From Valdez across the mountains to the Tanqua river there is a military trail constructed by the war department, and this is much travelled by single-horse sleds during the latter part of the winter season. As the snowfall along portions of this trail is exceedingly heavy, the labor of breaking it for horse travel is severe, but once it is broken a horse with a single sled, or two or more sleds hitched together, will haul his load of from 500 to 2,000 pounds and make from twenty to forty miles a day.

But wherever the horse is used in Alaska as either draft or pack animal during the winter season, his use contemplates the previous construction of trails or roads, and the establishment along them of occasional road houses

A Girl's Hair at Auction.

A despatch from Castine, Me., to the New York Sun, describes a strange contest as having taken place at a church fair in that town. The object of the fair was to raise money to paint and renovate the church. The members were intensely in earnest, but though the women had done their utmost to make the tables attractive and sell their goods, the amount needed was not raised. Then a girl, a daughter of one of the members, came forward and offered to sell her hair, and give the money to the cause. A bid was at once made for it by a merchant from Worcester, Mass. Another offer being made for it by a Boston man, it was determined to make a regular auction sale of it. The girl went on the platform and unloosed the thick coils. Her hair, of a ruddy brown color and very abundant, fell about her shoulders, below her waist. There was a general protest against its being cut off, but the girl insisted that she was willing to make the sacrifice, and the young man to whom she was about to be married, applauded her resolution. The cutting was to be delayed until all bids were in, and the money of the highest bidder actually deposited on the table. When the bids passed the one hundred dollar mark, many of the contestants dropped out, and the struggle resolved itself into a rivalry between the man from Worcester, and he from Boston. The bidding went on until the Boston man became the purchaser at \$536, and he surprised all present by refusing to allow the hair to be cut off. He paid the money into the church fund, and the girl went home in triumph, still wearing her beautiful locks.

—○○○—

Roup in Fowl.

Almost every poultry keeper knows what roup is. The disease is common, in the fall and winter months, among poultry which have been neglected. It is a contagious catarrhal disease characterized by "running" at the eyes and nostrils, puffed eyes, swollen head and mouth and throat filled with foul smelling mucous or sometimes cheesy matter. The peculiar fetid roup-smell is always present in this disease. Whenever this odor is noticed look for roup and you will be pretty sure to find it.

Sweet oil and kerosene (coal oil) applied to the nostrils and throat is a good simple effective remedy and has cured many cases.

Spirits of turpentine, one part, with glycerine, six parts, makes a good roup lotion.—Household Guest.

—○○○—

Simple Tests for Cloth.

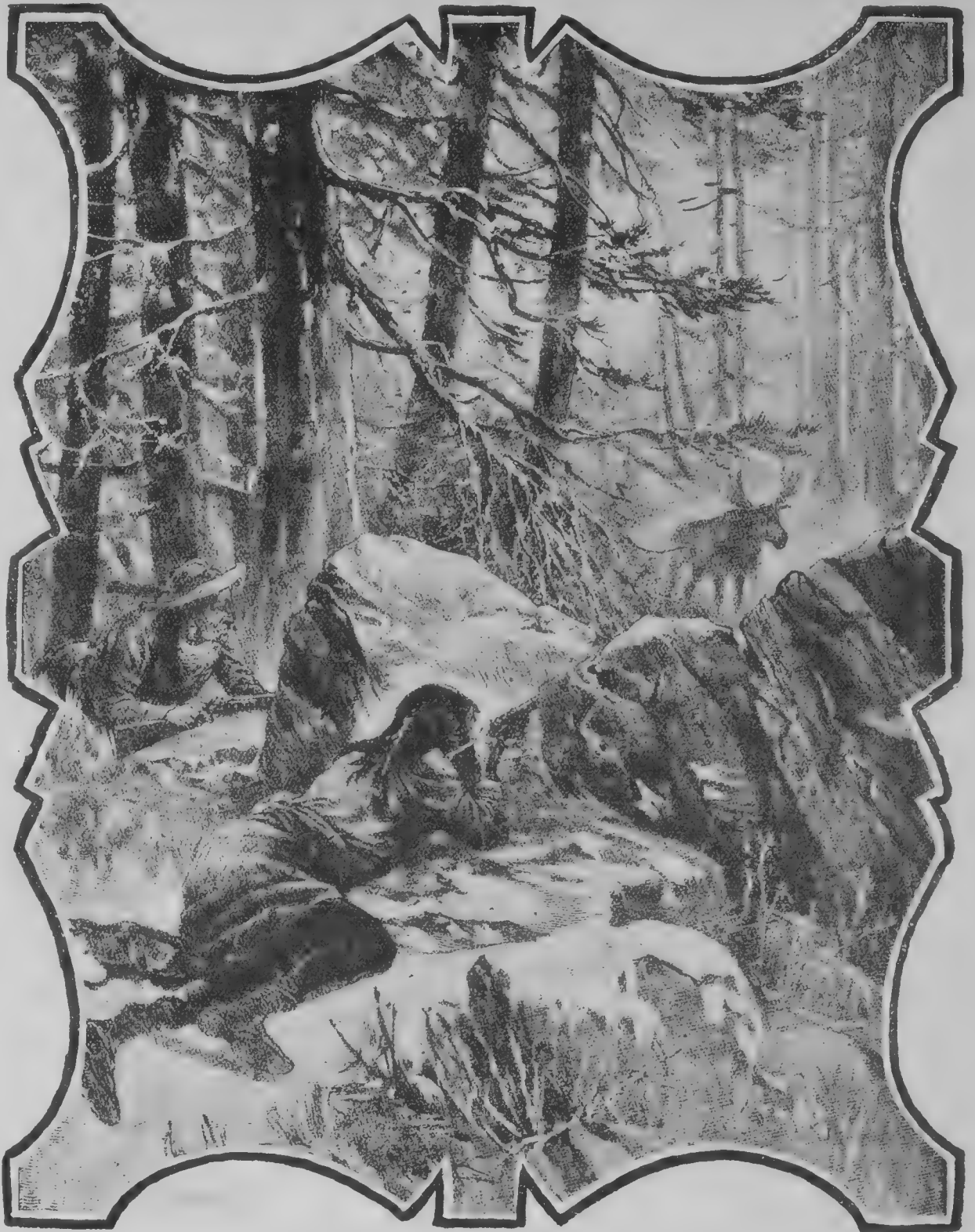
Silk, cotton and wool, these are the three materials of cloth, and by the methods given, the purchaser can at least make certain that she is obtaining what she paid for.

Of the goods sold as "all wool," there is not one-tenth that is genuine. In the greater part, the main component is cotton. The test is simple. All that is necessary is to pull a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

To distinguish true, pure linen from the counterfeit article is even easier. The intending buyer need but wet her finger and apply to the goods. If they be pure linen, the moisture will pass straight through and the spot touched will be soaked at once, and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here, also, the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

Concerning silk, it may be remarked that the stuff our grandmothers used to talk about that "stood by itself," is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means by giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose.



ONTARIO SPORT YEARS AGO

Shellac and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce as stiff a silk as ever graced the closet of an ancestral mansion. Such stuff is quite worthless. It rots away in no time. As a matter of fact, the silks most prized at present are of the soft variety with no more rigidity than muslin.

Counterfeit, machine made, lace is often offered as the genuine hand-made article. At first glance, it is identical with the real thing. Even one who is not an expert, however, can distinguish the difference with a little care. Machine lace is always exactly regular patterns, every figure the same shape, length, thickness and so forth. In the hand-made article there are always little irregularities.

—○○○—

Bemoaning Worries.

Hardly anything is more exhausting than the continual giving out of sympathy and the constant, patient hearing of the recital of troubles and worries, especially small ones.

The average woman has no business to go about the world claiming this sympathy and patience from all with whom she comes into contact. Rather should one strive to see how much brightness and cheerfulness can be brought forward and talked about, for the real troubles and sorrows will not bear discussion, but yet make themselves abundantly evident.

Women would get through the world with far less fatigue if they would only learn to transact their business transactions, however small, without so much talking and discussion.

A man does not afflict all and sundry of his acquaintance with the pros and cons of engaging or dismissing a junior clerk or a stable boy, and a foreman in a factory does not repeat to "his uncles and his cousins and his aunts" just what his employer said when and before he dismissed him, and how it all came about.

Apart from the results to actual circumstances of this continual discussion of domestic matters, there is no doubt that it is a bad habit that grows most rapidly, and that, if indulged in, tends seriously to weaken character and moral and mental judgment.—Ledger.

—○○○—

He Took his Chance.

While the whale-back steamer Forest Castle, from Liverpool, was off the Newfoundland Banks, an owl as white as snow fell exhausted on the deck. The owl made a desperate flight from an iceberg to the ship. When the iceberg parted company with the ice field of the far north, it evidently carried with it the owl, which clung to its raft of crystal until flight was useless, a stretch of open sea forming a barrier over which the bird did not dare at-

tempt flight. It had been watching for an opportunity of escape, and when the Forest Castle appeared on the horizon, the bird made its great dash for life. It was half starved and ill prepared for such a long chase, but it was its one opportunity and it won the race.

—○○○—

"What on earth are you doing with that little watering can, Fred?"
"Sprinkling the baby's head so's his hair'll sprout."

—○—

Willie—Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?
Mother—Yes, dear.

Willie—Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?

—○—

The teacher had been impressing upon her class the advantages of a competency gained by honest, hard work over one gained by scheming, and even more questionable means, and, thinking she had made a great impression upon her small charges, she proceeded to catechise them on the subject:

"Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest trading, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?"

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation):
"Which made the most?"



MR. WM. WHYTE

MRS. WM. WHYTE

Mr. Whyte lately received the appointment of second vice-president of the C. P. R. He was born in Scotland 60 years ago and learned the a b c of railroading in the old country. Coming to Canada when about 20 years of age, he began work with the Grand Trunk, left them in 1883 to become general superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway and later was appointed manager of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce. Eighteen years ago he became general superintendent of the C.P.R. with headquarters at Winnipeg, and in 1897 assumed management of the lines west of Fort William. Two years ago he was appointed assistant to Sir Thos. Shaughnessy and now becomes second vice-president of this great corporation. In 1872 Mr. Whyte married Miss Jean Scott, of Toronto; she came west with her husband in 1886 and has since been a popular member of Winnipeg Society.

Promotion of Wm. Whyte.

It is not the sphere of The Western Home Monthly to treat on matters of everyday news, but a move was made with the closing of 1903 that cannot be let pass without some notice being made of it. We refer to the promotion of Mr. William Whyte to the office of second vice-president of the C. P. R. His headquarters will be at Winnipeg, and he will be in charge of the company's lines between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast. The announcement has been well received. And why should it not? Mr. Whyte is a westerner in every sense of the word. He knows the requirements of the West as few other men do, and, having knowledge of railroading from the bottom up, is well qualified to treat from the company's standpoint. Mr. Whyte has the confidence of the people of the Canadian West. If given a free hand by the great corporation we are inclined to believe that before long much of the discontent now existing will be a thing of the past. Knowing what is wanted he can handle it to the satisfaction of all concerned. The time for managing business in the West from the East is fast passing away. Business cannot be very satisfactorily handled at a distance of 1,400 miles and have things run smoothly. There are times when matters of moment must be settled on the spot, and this can be done very well indeed by Mr. Whyte. The requirements for the great producing province of Canada are here, and, in the new second vice-president, they have a well wisher.

Here is Mr. Whyte's sentiments regarding the change, and we all trust that the hope expressed may be realized:

"The best man in the East cannot deal satisfactorily with Western matters. He is not in touch with the conditions or with the people. The referring of everything to Montreal has been satisfactory to neither the company nor the West, so in future Winnipeg is to manage the affairs of the road from the

lakes to the Pacific, and we hope by this means we shall satisfy the public and increase the earnings and prosperity of the road."

The Western Home Monthly congratulates Mr. Whyte upon his well-merited promotion.

"Ie" or "Ei"?

Many fierce howls
Are caused by the vow'ls,
I and e.

They often come together,
One in front of t'other;
But which one first should go
Is sometimes hard to know.

So once a Doctor Brewer
(He must have been demure)
Took a little time

And wrote this clever rhyme:
"I before e
Except after c
Or when sounded as a,
As in neighbor or weigh."

But the doctor's four-liner
Was not a whit finer
Than rules by the score,
That were made long before.

The exceptions were plenty—
Yes, one over twenty—
But you'll find they all mingle
In the following jingle:

Neither either nor neither
Were inveigled by rule,
And a counterfeit sovereign
Proved a bad foreign tool.
The heifer might surfeit
On mullein-grown heights;
Weird tricksters with leisure
Might seize upon sleights,
But "prints" who will forfeit
Their nonpareil fat
Should be heirs to a seine,
Or a fine, silken hat.
And the word financier
With the rule won't elope,
Although it's not spelled
Like—kaleidoscope.

If more you should find,
Pray don't speak your mind;
Proper names we'll omit,
And hope we have hit
All that are strictly exceptions.

"O, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know."
"No; I don't know. You English always know, don't you know?"

Clock Aids the Memory.

Another wonderful clock has been constructed in Geneva, Switzerland. It is intended as an aid to those who have short memories. The main piece of mechanism is a phonograph. If a man has to keep a business appointment at 12 o'clock to-morrow, he tells his phonograph clock all about it, and sets the alarm indicator for half-past eleven.

At that time on the morrow the clock will utter its message of reminder, giving him half an hour in which to get ready. In case one wishes to arise at a certain hour, all he has to do is to impress the fact on the phonograph the night before, and at the appointed hour in the morning the clock will tell him in sharp tones that it is time to get up, no matter how sleepy he may be.

Johnny—They must have an awful big baby over at Meeker's house.

Pa—What makes you think so?

Johnny—Why, I heard ma say to-day that every one in the house was wrapped up in him.

Proverbs of the Albanians.

If you fear God you will not fear man.

You cannot have harmony without noise.

Words are feminine; deeds are masculine.

Words won't make the wheels of a mill go round.

A pig won't spare even the most beautiful fruit.

If you follow a crow long enough you light on carrion.

Fire, water and governments don't understand mercy.

If you don't obey your mother you'll obey your stepmother.

If you do not keep your tongue at rest it is often in contact with an aching tooth.

A Swarm of Household B's.

Be careful. Care prevents many dropped stitches and bad breaks. Be careful.

Be prompt. Slackness makes slovenly homes and weary world wanderers. Be prompt.

Be faithful. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Be faithful.

Be cheerful. Cheerfulness tends to length of days and to days that are worth the lengthening. Be cheerful.

Be thoughtful. Thoughtfulness is too tender a plant of blessed fragrance and beauty to be "born unseen," etc. Be thoughtful.

It is well to have an aim in life, but we must expect to use up some ammunition before we hit it.—Puck.

When a man has not a reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Walter Scott.

It is easier to be generous than to be just; to give up when you know you're right than when you know you're wrong.

The trouble with some people is that they allow themselves to be discouraged by criticism, and the trouble with others is that they do not.

We learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do.—Dr. Smiles.

Depend upon it, the best antiseptic for decay is an active interest in human affairs; those live longest who live most.—The Philistine.

Take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before and shrinking and walking around and on this very day life it up and do it.—Phillips Brooks.



RESIDENCE OF WM WHYTE

The above is a halftone of the home of Mr. Wm. Whyte, second vice-president of the C. P. R., on Hargrave street, Winnipeg. Taken as it was a few days back, it does not do justice to the premises. In summer, the place presents a very pleasing and restful appearance, especially when the apple trees, on the well kept lawn, are in blossom.

Have you ridden on the C. P. R.—the great transcontinental railway? On this page is given a half-tone of the second vice-president, who is now to look after the Company's interests in the West from Winnipeg.



ILLICILLWAT VALLEY FROM MT. ABBOT, GLACIER, ON THE C.P.R.

Having to Do with a Hero.

Did you ever know a hero real well? asks Sewell Ford. I know at least one, and quite intimately. Who? I am afraid you would hardly recognize his name; and, besides, it would not be just right to give it here. He is only an old bachelor who works in a shop. He has been at one bench for something like—well, from this you may judge: When he began he was fresh from school. He lives in a little frame house with an absurd little back yard, hardly more than big enough for the syringa bush and the ash barrel.

"The first morning I started for the shop," he once told me, "I cut across the back yard and climbed the fence. I have been doing it ever since, and it has been a long time." In the tiny lawn is worn a deep footpath. The top rail of the back fence is smoothly polished. His feet wore the path. His hands polished the rail. And all these years he has worked at the same bench doing the same work.

Not that he lacks intelligence or that he never had an ambition. Intelligence he most certainly has, no mean lore, of books, and a wide, generous grasp of affairs and the drift of things. Ambition he had, too, but that was before his feet had worn a path across the back yard. I am quite sure that he once loved. In fact, I suspect that I know the one he loved, and that she loved him. But he never married. She did, though she has been widowed for a dozen years.

But why, you ask, with intelligence and ambition, did he stick to his bench? In an upper room of his little cottage is a window blind which is never opened. Behind that blind peer-

ing out through the shutters, with unrecognized gaze, sits one who bears the outward form of manhood yet lacks manhood's mental qualities. The one behind the blind is his brother. Downstairs, pattering feebly about and speaking only in high, thin, querulous tones, is a wan and bent old woman—his mother. For the sake of these two he has worn the path in the lawn; for them he put away ambition; for them he stifled the love that once stirred within him.

He is past middle age now, thin as to hair, stooped as to shoulders. Yet is there a tenderness in his voice, a cheerful sweetness in his smile, a patient resignation in his pale-blue eyes that make his manner of such mild gentleness as you might expect in a saint. From him comes never a word of complaint; about him is no trace of disappointment, no hint of bitterness.

And so, though few know his name, though he wears no glittering gauds, though he goes his way unhampered by pomp or circumstance, and all unrecognized by church or state, I cannot help but count him one of earth's true heroes. Don't you?—New York Magazine.

Bathe a bruise with vinegar as soon as the accident happens; if it can be kept in place, lay a cloth soaked in vinegar over the injury, wetting it as it dries, and there will be very little discoloration.

Borax-water will not only remove soils and stains from the hands, but will heal all scratches and small hurts. By always adding a little borax to the water in which you wash (enough to make it very soft) your hands will be kept smooth, soft and white.

What Steel is Made of.

The raw materials of manufacture in making pig iron consist of iron ore, coke, and limestone, in the proportions of two pounds of ore to 1 pound of coke and 1-3 of a pound of limestone. In the manufacture of the steel from which rails are rolled, there are two fundamental processes; first, the reduction of the ore in the blast furnace; and then the conversion of the molten iron into steel in the converter. The description of the blast furnace is the same for all the subsequent branches of the steel industry; for blast furnace practice is broadly the same to-day in every furnace throughout the country. Each furnace (there are eleven in all at the Edgar Thomson works) consists of a huge steel shell varying from 75 to 90 feet in height. It has its largest diameter at about a quarter of its height, and tapers regularly to its smallest diameter at the top platform. The upper portion is known as the "stack," the lower portion as the "bosh," while below this is the "hearth," in which the molten cast iron collects. The bosh, which is just above the tuyeres, is provided with annular

hollow bronze castings built into the brickwork, through which a stream of cold water is circulated for the purpose of keeping down the temperature of the brickwork at the hottest part of the furnace. It should be explained that the whole interior of the steel shell is lined with about three feet of brickwork.—Scientific American.

Novel Advertisements.

A couple of women requiring work at washing sought it thus:

"Two young women want washing."

This is the advertisement of a dentist:

"Teeth extracted with great pains."

This gentleman died and his survivors had the following inserted in the paper:

"To all the insurance offices where late Wm. O'Connor was insured, will please call without delay."

"Grand piano for sale, the property of lady moving from country and with carved legs."

A bright photographer contributes the following:

"Babies taken and finished in ten minutes."

An undertaker says:

"Whoever shall use our airtight coffin will never use any other."

"Lost, age unknown, but looks older than he is."

"Wanted, a husband with Roman nose with strong religious tendency."

A small piece of borax dissolved in the mouth relieves hoarseness, and often allays a cough induced by throat irritation. Used often as a gargle it is healing for a cankered mouth or throat.



PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN WINTER



"De man dat makes a business of findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "gits no' occupation an' less results dan anybody else in de community."—Washington Star.

Mother (upstairs)—"What is Charley crying about?"

Jamie—"Cause I won't give him any of my cake."

Mother—"Is his finished?"

Jamie—"Yes, he cried while I was eating that, too."



"I was so affected that I was unable to dress and feed myself."

A few days ago, while the druggist was absent from his drug store for a few minutes, and left his wife in charge, a large Norwegian, who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said:

"Hi owe de firm 10 cents."

"Very well," replied the lady, "just pay it to me and it will be all right."

The Norwegian made no attempt to produce the coin, but gazed steadily at the lady, and repeated:

"Hi owe de firm 10 cents."

"Yes, I heard you say that before. Now, if you are afraid, I will give you a receipt for it."

In astonishment the man from Norway looked at her, and walked out without a word. Pretty soon he returned with a fellow countryman, whose command of English was a little better, and who interpreted the remark by explaining: "He wants 10 cents' worth of iodine."

Husband—"Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight to go to my work?"

Wife—"I may be a little unreasonable, but its perfectly brutal of you to mention it."

Husband (irritably)—"It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody."

Wife (calmly)—"Order is heaven's first law."

"Why don't you work? Why do you go around begging?"

"Well mum, if you think beggin' isn't work just try it."

"Well, now that you're married, do you find life a grand, sweet song?" "Oh, no! The first thing I did after we got back from our wedding trip was to hide my wife's music."

Small Boy (to gardener)—"You haven't got any scarecrows in your garden." Gardener—"No, my boy." Small Boy (innocently) — "Of course, you don't want them when you are there yourself."

"Mary, I saw the baker kiss you today. I think I shall go down and take the bread in future." "'Twouldn't be no use, ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anybody else but me."

Tramp—"I looks like a tramp, ma'am, but I ain't. I'm a sailor, ma'am. I was wrecked and washed ashore." Unsympathetic lady of the house—"Washed ashore were you? Well, you ain't been washed since. I'll wager!"

Lady (to servant whom she is about to engage)—"And do you understand how to take care of a bicycle and keep it clean?" Servant—"No, ma'am, but I can give you the address of the place where I get mine cleaned."

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone—"Lie down, sir; lie down!"

Traveller (to native)—Can you tell me how far I am from Creamtown?

Native—About 24,900 miles.

Traveller—Impossible.

Native—I mean if you keep on the way you are going. If you turn round and go back, it's only about a mile.

A fly can make 600 strokes a second with its wings, but it prefers to loaf about on the bald man's head and tickle him.

A gentleman who was discussing with the late Dr. Parker the problem of a future existence exclaimed, "The fact is, sir, I am an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that," Dr. Parker replied, as he showed his companion the door.

Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room; "send for a doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny!" The terrified and frightened boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed; "send for the minister." "The minister?" asked his mother, incredulously. "Did you say the minister?" "Yes; because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."

This story is told in a parish not far distant, where they were raising money for refurbishing the church: The colored sexton remarked of a certain fairly well-to-do farmer having a reputation for close-fistedness, that he was "as stingy as old Caesar." "Why do you think Caesar was stingy?" he was asked. "Well, you see," came the reply, "when the Pharisees gave our Lord a penny, Jesus asked them, 'Whose subscription is this?' and they said Caesar's."

A Kansas girl, the daughter of a Greenwood county teacher, was sent east to school this fall. "What do you know, my child?" the head teacher asked her. "Oh, farming," the new pupil replied. "Well, tell me what is a farm?" "A farm is a body of land surrounded by a barbed-wire fence," the little maid said.



Farmer's Business Guide

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS

TO

The Western Home Monthly

WHAT IT IS

THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is being prepared by one of the ablest lawyers of the West, who has had considerable experience in Manitoba and the Territories along farm matters.

The object of THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is to present to the farmers of the West appropriate and reliable forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business connected with their occupation.

THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will not attempt to make every man his own lawyer, but simply aid men to intelligence in their own affairs, and enable them to enjoy the benefits of the very best information to be had in the transaction of every day affairs.

Some of the forms to appear in THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, are:

General Forms of Agreement for Ordinary Purposes.

Agreement for Employing Farm Labor.

Agreement for Work or Labor of Any Kind.

Contract for Sale of Live Stock. Contract for Sale of Grain, etc.

Cultivation of Land for Sale of Crop. Working the Farm on Shares.

Agreement for Private Road. Agreement for Line Fence.

Agreement for Sale of Land. Promissory Note Farms.

Lien Note Forms. Drafts, Cheques, etc.

Notice of Intention to Obtain Survey for Line Fences.

Guarantees in Sales of Live Stock, etc., etc.

Over 100 forms will be given in chapters in THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, under the following heads: Agreements, Assignments, Affidavits, Arbitration, Bills of Sale, Bonds, Bank Checks, Drafts, Guarantees, Indorsements, Leases, Orders, Optional Agreements, Promissory Notes, Powers of Attorney, Receipts, Wills, and Business Letters, etc.

Every father requires THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE for his own information, and for the education of his sons. The Price of the Book is \$1.

OUR OFFER.

For a limited time THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will be **Given Free**, postage paid, with THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to all paying fifty cents in advance. Send us 50c. and you secure the GUIDE and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (in enlarged form) for the balance of 1903 and the whole of 1904.

This offer is the best that has ever been made by any paper in Western Canada.

Address all orders:

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
Stovel Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Where Gods are Made.

Philadelphia society is much perturbed at an extraordinary discovery recently made in that town. It appears that an idol factory has sprung up in the heart of the city, wherefore the inhabitants thereof are up in arms against this so-called sacrilegious business departure.

The owner of this curious factory is a German, and the factory consists of a one-story wooden building. This enterprising German came to Philadelphia two years ago to establish a toy factory; recently, however, a friend of his who had lived in India for some time told him that the demand for idols in the East far exceeded the supply. This suggestion promptly bore fruit, and toy making has been abandoned, while idols are turned out by the gross. Most of these idols, which consist chiefly of Buddhas and Ganeshas, go to India.



WORKMAN MAKING IDOLS.

The owner of the factory allowed a photographer to take some pictures of the interior of the factory, on condition that his name should not be mentioned; not that he is ashamed of his business, but on account of the threatened visits of clergymen and missionaries and other good people, who have hitherto bombarded him with letters urging him to close his factory and stop the traffic in idols.

Buddha stands at the head of the gods so far as a steady demand is concerned, and hand-carved ivory images of him fetch high prices. In order that accuracy of detail may be assured, the carvers are provided with a genuine idol, which stands on a shelf within their reach, whereby they are enabled



GIRLS PAINTING IDOLS.

to verify the fidelity of their reproductions. The little model, however, is not often called into requisition, as the workmen have carved so many Buddhas that the owner believes they could carve the image of the deity in the dark. An ivory Buddha will often fetch as much as \$50.

Another god that will always fetch a good price is the Hindu deity Gan-

esha; thus an image of him plain would cost about \$50, while colored it would run into \$75. There is a staff of young women in the factory who are solely employed in the decoration of these gods. In the room where they work there are shelves crowded with gods in every stage of completion. Bands, figures, arabesques of gold, red, green, blue, and yellow, artistically yet weirdly combined are applied in turn. Ganesha's trunk is quite a feature and most difficult to decorate properly, while his crown is painted a pure gold.

The Brahmin and Buddhist priests are most particular as regards every detail in color and arrangement, as every little tint and curve has its significance; hence, if the slightest mistake is made, the god is worthless.

The cheaper gods do not enjoy the dignity of hand-carving. They are actually turned out by machinery! One machine of ingenious construction carves twelve separate gods at one and the same time.

In this unholy traffic, however, Philadelphia does not stand alone. A large number of idols are "made in Germany," while it is asserted that one of the great Midland cities of England turns out at least as many every year.

Boys and Girls

The Lazy Bone.

"Fred! I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had patiently searched the sitting room for his accustomed helpers.

"O, dear," began Fred, who always thought it a big nuisance to go up and down stairs, unless he wanted something for himself and couldn't get any one to go, but before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Elsie had deposited her lapful of patch-work on the sofa, and with a cheery "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way upstairs.

"Fred, you forgot to put your tools away," mamma said a little later.

"O, dear, it's such a bother to put everything away," fretted Fred. "Can't I leave them where they are till tomorrow, for I will want to use them again?"

"No, I want them put away at once," said mamma, in such a decided tone that Fred knew she required instant obedience.

"O, dear, I never can learn this long lesson," he grumbled that evening when he sat down to prepare his recitations for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all these sentences."

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Fred's father, and he looked up, as he heard the boy's impatient exclamation.

"What do you think I've been doing to-day, Fred?" he asked.

"What, sir?" asked Fred, glad of a diversion from his books.

"Breaking a little girl's arm."

"Don't you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Fred, thinking the doctor had made a mistake.

"No, I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago this little girl broke her arm and it was badly set, and it has been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly and her earnings have been a great help in the family, but since her arm was hurt she was not able to work at all. We held a consultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break the arm again and reset it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done," exclaimed Fred.

"Why, that's unfortunate," remarked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon if you expect to become an active vigorous man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Fred turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain.

"Where is the bone?" he asked, with

a tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it for me?"

"No, I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it yourself better than any one can do it for you. It is called the lazy bone."

"O, that is what you mean," and Fred was so relieved that he could smile at the doctor's words.

"Yes, my boy, that is what I mean, and it is the bone that you ought to break very soon if you ever expect to be of any use in the world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it is one of the toughest bones I know anything about, but you can break it if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I will," promised Fred, manfully, his face flushed with mortification at the thought that he had earned a reputation for laziness.

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Little boy—"Papa, these folks didn't all go to heaven, did they?"

Father—"Hush; what makes you think so?"

Little boy—"Well, it says on some stones, 'Peace to his ashes.'"

—X—

Mr. Kindly—I hear poor Brother Littleton left all he had to the children's home. Did he have much?

Mrs. Sourly—Eight sons and three daughters.

Pinto Shell Cordovan Mitts and Gloves

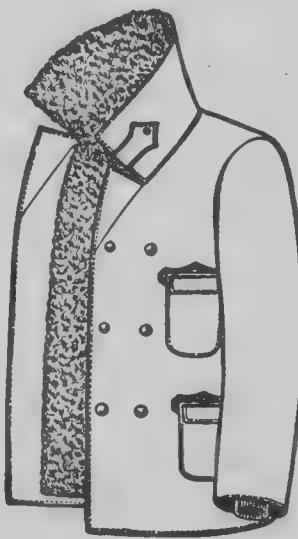


- Toughest wear, flexible, warm, light
- Boil and scorch proof
- Rip and tear proof
- Rain and wind proof
- That's what H.B.K. Pinto Shell Cordovan mitts and gloves are
- Made from the hide of the Western Bronco, the toughest animal with the toughest hide, light enough to make mitts and gloves.
- Sold by dealers everywhere.

Genuine only with this brand.

H.B.K.
BRAND

Write for "Strayed," the funniest piece of literature ever written about a Bronco—Free



H. B. K. Warm Duck Coats

H.B.K Duck Coats are warm, hard wearing garments. They are made in scores of styles—fleece lined, mackinaw wool lined, leather reversible—high storm collars, large "Kantilever" unsagable pockets.

Made to keep out the wind and the cold, the rain and the sleet. Made to keep people warm Branded with this brand.

Sold by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

H.B.K.
BRAND

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

MONTREAL.

WINNIPEG.

MAKERS OF WARM WEARABLES FOR EVERYBODY

SCOURGE OF THE AGE IS KIDNEY DISEASE

Terrible Increase in the Number of Deaths from This Ailment.

It is Common to All Classes and Conditions of People.

It Creeps Stealthily into the System and Develops into Many Diseases.

Bright's Disease, Heart Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy and Rheumatism are Among the Forms it Takes.

Dodd's Kidney Pills the One Remedy that Never Fails to Cure It, No Matter How or Where it is Found.

Of all the diseases the human body has to combat in its struggle for health, the one that is steadily growing in strength and terrors is Kidney Disease. Quietly, stealthily as a serpent, it creeps on its victim till the latter is enveloped in its folds, and the greatest physicians the world has ever known stand helpless before it. As the last fold goes around the struggling victim and the doctor shakes his head and whispers "Bright's Disease," hope fades to nothing, and the sorrowing friends feel that death has marked their loved one for its own.

The alarming increase this terrible disease is making is evidenced by the columns of almost every newspaper. For not among the lowly of the earth alone does it look for its victims. Statesmen, judges, eminent lawyers, and honored divines are numbered among those who in recent months have gone down to their graves with the fell marks of this dread disease upon their bodies. In fact, so prevalent has the disease become that a celebrated New York specialist stated recently that not one person in a hundred was free from some taint of Kidney Disease.

WORKS IN SECRET.

It is the secrecy of Kidney Disease that makes it the more dreaded. You can fight an enemy in the open with some chance of success, but if he is lying in wait to take you at an unwary moment your chances of successfully fighting him are terribly diminished. So it is with Kidney Disease. Its first warnings are so faint as to be hardly noticeable, a slight pain in the back that is charged up to over exertion, a slight discoloration of the urine or a burning sensation while urinating that hardly attracts attention. That is all. But that means that Kidney Disease is at work gradually eating its way into your system. The pain in the back grows more severe, then urinary trouble more complicated, swellings under the eyes and of the limbs denote the coming of Dropsy, sharp shooting pains in the joints and muscles tell that Rheumatism has you in its grasp, or perhaps a day or two's illness leads to the calling of the doctor, and suddenly the terrible truth is forced upon you—Bright's Disease has you in its grasp.

WAY OF ESCAPE.

With this silent, relentless enemy slowly but surely eating its way into prominence and marking that prominence by a yearly increase in the length of its death list, the demand of the day, of the hour, is "Show us the way of escape." Nature never put mankind in a critical condition without providing a way of escape—providing mankind were wise enough to take the way provided. In this case the way of escape is a simple vegetable remedy. It has been before the people of Canada for thirteen years, and, like all the great relievers of nature, has been first received and first appreciated by the lowly in life, those

known as the common people of Canada.

Is it the common people of Canada who die of Bright's Disease? No, it is the bright and shining marks, those who are stationed above the heads of the masses. Ask the reason of this! Go to the people who are practically exempt from Kidney Disease in its worst form, and ask them. With almost a single voice they will reply: "We cure our Kidney ailments with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they never get a chance to develop into that terrible disease that carries so many prominent men into the grave."

ON WITH HIS WORK.

And so it is; the man who does manual labor must heal his slightest aches or they hinder him in his work. When he has backache he cures it with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work; when he feels a twinge of Rheumatism he drives it out of his body with Dodd's Kidney Pills—and goes on with his work. Necessity has taught him that he must cure his Kidneys to get rid of his pains, for he must work to live. He has not been educated to that standpoint where a prescription to cure must be written by a specialist at a cost of dollars to every letter. He may not even know that there never was a disease that took in all classes of the community but what nature provided a cure within the means of all classes of the community. What he does know is more to the point than all this. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure all aches which experience has taught him come from the Kidneys. He takes Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work.

SOME EXCEPTIONS.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. Even among common people there are those who neglect the early warnings of Kidney Disease. It takes exceptions to prove the rule—but many of these exceptions prove more—they prove that no case of Kidney Disease is too far gone for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Heart Disease—all the varied forms of Kidney Disease in its advanced stages—have been met by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and never once has Canada's great Kidney Remedy had to admit defeat. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, and wherever used they have triumphed over Kidney Disease in its every form. Thousands of Canadians are shouting their praises of the conqueror.

Just a few of those who have neglected the early symptoms, reached the more advanced stages of Kidney Diseases, and found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills are given below. There are thousands of others. Ask in your own immediate neighborhood. You will not have to go far to meet men, women and children who have either warded off or cured the terror of the present age by using the old Canadian stand-by—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CURED.

Bright's Disease has invariably yielded to a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, no matter how firm a hold it had secured on its victim. Possibly the most talked of case of recent date is that of Alice Maud Parker, of Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N.S. The full story of this case will be found in the current number of Dodd's Magazine. Herewith a short statement from the young lady's mother is appended:

Two doctors pronounced my daughter's illness Bright's Disease, and gave her up to die. Her eyelids swelled till she could hardly see; her legs from her ankles to her knees swelled. Her belt in health was twenty inches, when she was at her worst it was 48 inches. Then she gave up all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. By the time she had taken the first box I saw a change. It took a long time to bring her back to perfect health, but

Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. To-day my daughter is in perfect health.

Mrs. T. G. Parker,
Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N.S.
DIABETES CURED.

Diabetes is another of the most fearful and fatal forms of Kidney Disease that has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by no other medicine. Among those cured of this terrible ailment is Mr. Charles Gilchrist, for fifteen years Chief of Police of Port Hope and afterwards for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer under the Dominion Government. He makes the following statement:

I was a sufferer for ten years with Diabetes and Kidney Disorder. At times my urine was of a dark brick color, and I would suffer something awful while passing. I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no help till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man. The citizens of Port Hope all know me, and can vouch for the above.

Chas. Gilchrist,
Ex-Chief Coast and Fishery Overseer,
Port Hope.

HEART DISEASE CURED.

Heart Disease is a result of Kidney Disorder. Bad Kidneys mean impure blood, the action of impure blood on the heart causes Heart Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it:

I suffered for years with Heart Disease, Bright's Disease, and Rheumatism. I was so feeble I was unable to do anything. There were three months I abandoned all medicines, and resolved to let myself die. Then I was led to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the good the first box did me surprised me. I have taken twenty boxes in all, am well of my Heart Disease, my Bright's Disease, and my Rheumatism.

Dame Louis Provosts,
St. Magloire, Que.

DROPSY CURED.

Dropsy, another disease caused by diseased Kidneys failing to do their work and remove the surplus water from the blood, is another ailment Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. Here is an example:

I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. In the mornings before I got out of bed I could hardly put my feet to the floor they were so much swollen from Dropsy. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put on my coat. I had to be tapped to be relieved from my terrible pains. On the advice of a friend I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the second box I felt much better. Seven boxes cured me completely. I don't know what it is to be sick since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

George Robertson,
392 St. James St.,
Montreal, Que.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Rheumatism and kindred Kidney Diseases, such as Lumbago, Sciatica, and Gout, are caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are put in working order they strain all the uric acid out of the blood, and the Rheumatism goes with it. Take the case of W. G. Cragg, of Dresden, Ont. Here is his statement:

For eight years I was troubled with Inflammatory Rheumatism. I could scarcely get around to do my duties in my store. I had some of the best doctors I could get, but nothing I tried would ever give me relief. I was also troubled with Gout. I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills and had only taken six boxes when I was completely cured.

W. G. Cragg,
Ex-Reeve of Dresden, Ont.

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES CURED.

These are only a few cases taken from thousands to show the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills in advanced stages of Kidney Disease. In other forms of Kidney trouble, such as Urinary troubles, Gravel, Female Weakness, etc., Dodd's Kidney Pills have the same record. They always cure. As for Pain in the Back—the first symptom of Kidney trouble—ask your neighbors. You'll find the majority of them look on Pain in the Back as a danger signal, and on its first appearance safeguard themselves against this terribly fatal Kidney Disease by driving it away with the old Canadian stand-by—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

SPECIAL OFFER

TO THE READERS OF

THE MANITOBA WEEKLY FREE PRESS

New subscribers or readers renewing their subscriptions to the Weekly Free Press for one year will be given a choice of . . .

**2,000 English
Copyright Books FREE!**

These books are handsomely bound in cloth, on best quality paper, with clear large type, and cannot be duplicated at less than \$1.50 per volume. Send us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the Weekly Free Press and you may have your choice of any book in our Catalogue FREE, or if you prefer, a choice of

97 USEFUL ARTICLES

are offered, including many handsome novelties in jewelry and leather goods, etc., suitable for man, woman or child, and most appropriate as gifts.

Your choice of any of these articles and a copy of the Weekly Free Press mailed to your address, or any address, for one year for \$1.00.

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS including premiums
THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE a book of useful information
ALL FOR - - \$1.25

Send for Sample Copy and free list of books and prizes to

THE MANITOBA WEEKLY FREE PRESS WINNIPEG, CANADA

Doug's Little Sister.

We all had the nicest game, one rainy day at Tip-top last summer, that you ever saw! Have you ever been at Tip-top? It is a summer place, you know, on top of the mountains.

The first two weeks we played out of doors all day and only dressed once a day—before breakfast. At dinner and tea we only had to wash our faces and hands and smooth our hair. We liked Tip-top for that.

But then came a rainy day and we didn't like the place so well. There really wasn't any very good getting-together place for the thirty-six children. So we had to break up in squads. Mary and Jack and I were asked into Mrs. McCrum's room to play with her four, and the three Fenwicks were asked too.

"Mamma," said Harry, "I saw Douglas Campbell and his little sister in the hall. They look awful lonesome. Can't we ask 'em in?"

And this was the game that I told you was so nice—Mrs. McCrum showed us how. Everyone chose a character; it might be Queen Elizabeth, or the king, or a pet dog, or a parrot, or anything you pleased. Nobody must know but Mrs. McCrum, and when she asked questions we must try and an-

swer in some way that showed you what our character was and all the others guessed.

For instance, when Mrs. McCrum asked "the king" how much he liked Tip-top he said he liked Windsor Castle better. And when she asked "Jenny Lind" how her health was to-day, she answered that her throat was too sore to sing.

We all noticed that when Mrs. McCrum first asked Elsie what she'd be, and Elsie whispered back, Mrs. McCrum hugged and kissed her and said, "You darling!" and then, when Ruth asked her what she was, and she whispered back, Ruth kissed her, too, and said, "How lovely!"

Well, we guessed everybody in the place except Elsie, and we just couldn't guess her; so she got the prize (a little raisin cake), and then Mrs. McCrum told us that Elsie wouldn't agree to be anybody but "Doug's little sister."

"She seemed to think," Mrs. McCrum said, "that, if she agreed to be Jenny Wren or Cinderella, as I proposed, it might keep her from being Doug's real sister."

"And if I was Douglas Campbell," Mrs. McCrum went on, "I would rather have it to remember that my precious little sister said that than get a hundred pound prize."

"Why would you, Mrs. McCrum?" asked stupid little me.

"Don't you see," she answered, and looked at me in surprise, "it shows that Elsie's brother has been so sweet and good to her that she isn't willing to be anything in the world but 'Doug's little sister'?"—Exchange.

Things that Were Not.

A hundred years ago, there were:
No railway trains;
No horse cars and of course no trolleys;
No hansom cabs;
No lucifer matches;
No two-cent postage or postal cards;
No telegraphs or telephones;
No steamboats or ocean "liners";
No sewing machines;
No free libraries;
No police;
No postmen and no letter boxes;
No bicycles;
No Bands of Hope, or Bands of Mercy, or Christian Endeavors, or Daughters of the King;
No post office savings bank;
No penny papers;
No children's magazines.

and decide to devote herself to the pleasure and comfort of any of those neglected ones, she will soon find her timidity disappearing, and she will make herself a social favorite.

She can chat with the plain girl upon her home life—her gowns, or her studies; she can lead the awkward youth to talk to her of his ambitions; she can introduce the stranger to her friends and look after the chaperons and older people to see that they are comfortable and not neglected.

If she is in a room where there are children, she can make friends with them and help them to enjoy their sports. If there is an invalid, she can show consideration and sympathy.

She need only look about her and everywhere she will find people to interest her and to lead her thoughts away from herself.

Very timid, very sensitive and very shy people are simply people who think too much about themselves.

They imagine their own peculiarities are the theme of conversation at every gathering—and that they will be targets for all eyes wherever they go.

They should learn to forget themselves occasionally, and to regard others with eyes of interested sympathy, and their self-consciousness will disappear as by magic.



ON SKIS
IN NORWAY



Enjoying Life
in Holland

The Kind Wanted.

Wanted—a boy that is manly and just, One that you feel you may honor and trust,

Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings, Its sunshine and pleasure, or troublesome things;

Whose eye meets you own with no shadow of fear, No wile on the face that is open and clear;

Straightforward in purpose, and ready to push, For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Who scornfully turns from a something to gain, If it brings to another a sorrow or pain;

Who is willing to hold what is right ever dear, And is patient, unheeding the scoff or the jeer,

Who does all he can with a heart that's elate— He is wanted, that boy, whatsoever his state.

—

It is better to take many injuries than to give one.—Franklin.

Girls Who are Bashful.

A young girl suffers much from embarrassment and timidity when in the presence of people, and she often asks how she may overcome her self-consciousness.

The best cure for this sensitiveness is to forget oneself as utterly as possible when in an assemblage, and to think of others.

This young woman dreads the thought of going among people because she feels such painful embarrassment when she is the object of observation.

Instead of dwelling upon her own timidity, she ought to make up her mind to watch for an opportunity to be of service to someone.

Let her go forth with the fixed intention of making a pleasant evening for one or more of the people she is to meet.

In almost every social assembly—small or great—there is the dull or plain girl who receives no attention, the awkward youth who is a bore to himself and others, the older people who are simply onlookers, and the stranger who knows very few present.

If the embarrassed girl will put all thoughts of herself in the background,



WINTER SPORT

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the February issue.

Puzzles.

- Numerical enigma:—
 - My 1, 6, 4, is a domestic animal;
 - My 5, 2, 6, 7, is a public highway;
 - My 5, 8, 3, 7 is a book or outer coating of a tree;
 - My 13, 12, 6, 10 is a small insect that bites;
 - My 13, 2 means to depart.
 - My 5, 8, 2, 10 means an uproar.
 - My 17, 6, 5, 7 means not easily penetrated.
 - My 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 6, 12, 4 means unchanging.
- My whole distinguishes by opposites.
- Which is the most difficult train to catch?
- Charade:—

My first is in crab, but not in whale;
My second is in hill, but not in dale;
My third is in run, but not in walk;
My fourth is in starch, but not in talk;
My fifth is in chalk, but not in starch;
My sixth is in walk and also in march;
My seventh is in Fred, but not in Sam;
My eighth is in meat, but not in jam;
My ninth is in bought, but not in give;
My whole is a town, near which I live.

Answers to Puzzles in December Issue.

- Stone.
- Mississippi.
- They are cat-erect (cataract).
- Ink.

Prize Winners.

Laura Hay, Austin, Man.
Eldon Hannah, Killarney, Man.
Arthur Keeping, Austin, Man.
Laura A. M. Wallace, Rosser, Man.
J. Eugene Goether, Virden, Man.

R. H. Smith, Souris, Man.
Isaak Krahn, Winkler, Man.
Winnie Sanderson, Carman, Man.
Violet Aberdein, Brandon, Man.
Fred Harris, Yorkton, Assa.
E. R. Nash, Battle Creek, Assa.
Frank Wigmore, Basswood, Man.
Jas. A. Findlay, Oak Bluff, Man.
Mrs. Jas. A. Bole, Fishing Lake, Assa.
Maggie Coffey, Dalesboro, Assa.
Beatrice Folton, Sperling, Man.
Annie E. Miller, Pierson, Man.
Robt. Decker, Orrwold, Man.
Edith E. Chiswell, Lacombe, Alta.
Jessie Young, McCreary, Man.
Mrs. A. M. Nisbet, Innisfail, Alta.
Clara L. Burke, Fairfax, Man.
Mabel Earl, Weyburn, Assa.
Harry George, Rosebank, Man.
G. Davey, Westbourne, Man.
E. Mildred Craig, Cartwright, Man.
Eliza B. Fulton, Pierson, Man.
Rae M. Salkeld, Dongola, Assa.
Bessie McFayden, Saltcoats, Assa.
Percy H. Irving, Darisburg, Alta.
W. H. McDonald, Addingham, Man.
E. M. Rockwood, Estevan, Assa.
T. R. Adams, Greenridge, Man.
H. W. Scott, Ponoka, Alta.

Printing Pictures on a Candle.

To print pictures on a candle is an amusing pastime. Cut out any newspaper picture the width of which does not exceed the circumference of the candle. Then roll the paper tightly around the centre of the candle, with the picture to the wax, and brush a lighted match rapidly over the outer



surface. Unroll the paper, and, presto, the picture is faithfully reproduced on the candle. To ensure the success of this trick the picture should be on thin paper and the printing as fresh and black as possible. If these directions are followed the result will be very good.

Improved Proverbs.

ON CHANCE.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"
Is a proverb seen often in print;
But one need not care, if the slip that is there
Has the fragrance and flavor of mint.

ON SUFFICIENCY.

A most economical way
To get the most out of the least
Is, when you would break fast, to say,
"Un oeu is as good as a feast!"

ON DISCUSSION.

Wives and husbands may often agree,
Yet of course there are times when they don't.

subject is a young man, say, of twenty, and that he was born in August. Let him put down the number of the month in which he was born, and proceed as follows:

Number of month	8
Multiply by two	16
Add five	21
Multiply by fifty	1,050
Then add his age	1,070
Then subtract 365,	
leaving	705
Then add 115	820

He then announces the result—820—whereupon you inform him that his age is twenty, and August, the eighth month, is the month of his birth. The two figures to the right, in the result,



MCKENZIEVILLE, MAN. VIEW FROM THE WEST.

Where the honey is, there is the bee;
So it's "Where there's a will there's a won't."

ON OPPORTUNITY.

Now this is an adage—old style:
"A miss is as good as a mile."
But changing one letter,
And going one better,
"A kiss is as good as a smile."

ON SUNDAY.

When Sunday comes round there's one thing to cheer
A man who is prone to eating with greed,
For custom, it seems, has made this fact clear:
"The better the day, the better the feed!" —Felix Carmen, in Life.

How to Tell your Lover's Age.

Would you like to know how to be able to tell your lover's age? It is a useful accomplishment, and saves direct questioning, and the method which I am about to expound to you is really very ingenious. Let the gentleman whose age is to be discovered do all the figuring, and proceed thus: Suppose, to be on the safe side, that your

will always indicate the age, and the remaining figure or figures the month of birth. This rule never fails in ages up to one hundred.

In Sweden the railway stations at which meals are served are known by the simple but suggestive picture of a crossed knife and fork opposite the name of the station.

Persons usually begin to lose height at the age of fifty, and at the age of ninety have lost at least one and a half inches.

A wild elephant has a keen sense of smell. At a distance of 1,000 yards it can scent an enemy.

What Catarrh Is.

Catarrh, as defined by Webster, is an inflammatory affection of any mucous membrane, any condition in which there are congestion, swelling, morbid action or any alteration in the quantity and quality of mucous secreted. It can be present in any part of the body where there is a mucous membrane, the head, nose, throat, stomach, intestines, bowels, bladder or kidneys, and as a clot of dust impairs the workings of the finest watch, so a catarrhal condition of any organ enfeebles its power, prevents the proper functional activity and results in a complication of ills of many names and symptoms, treated in many different ways, but no cure is possible unless the Catarrhal condition, the primary cause, is checked and removed.

To successfully treat catarrh of any part it is necessary to use medicaments which possess the power of allaying inflammation, arresting morbid action and of purifying diseased mucous.

Vitæ-Ore, the natural mineral remedy, which has been frequently offered in the columns of this publication on thirty days' trial, is recommended to cure Catarrh of any part of the body, used for the different conditions in the several ways prescribed. It is a natural astringent, possessing qualities as such which it seems impossible to duplicate in any manufactured or artificial product and immediately allays all inflammation, stops all morbid or irregular action on the membrane, eradicates all catarrhal conditions and places each organ in a natural, healthy condition, so as to faithfully perform its individual function and restores the entire system to a state of total and perfect health.

Read the 30-day trial offer made in this issue by the proprietor, Theo. Noel, of Toronto.



PARTRIDGE HUNTERS.

Day and Night School. Individual Instruction. One Week's Trial Given.

THE NATIONAL Business College. LTD.

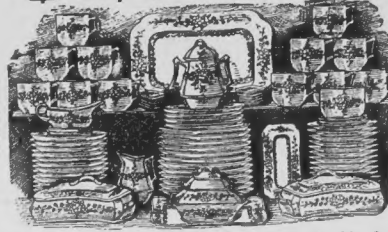
CAPITAL \$25,000.00

Desirable Business Positions Guaranteed to Graduates

Accounting, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping and all business subjects practically and thoroughly taught. Please call or write for free catalogue and other information to O'SULLIVAN & LOOS, Principals, cor. Main and Market Streets, WINNIPEG. Phone 19:5

\$1,000 REWARD

FREE FULL SIZE



They are handsomely decorated with blue, green and gold. Or we will allow you 50 per cent. commission for selling our assorted remedies.

COLONIAL MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 71 BROADWAY, DEPT. 110, NEW YORK.

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

FREE for One Year,

—FOR ONLY—

75 BLUE RIBBON COUPONS

From one to ten Blue Ribbon Coupons (according to value) are now placed in every package of the celebrated **BLUE RIBBON** Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Extracts, Jelly Powder, Spices, etc. Blue Ribbon goods are the purest that can be made.

Profusely illustrated Premium List sent free for the asking.

Write to-day to—

BLUE RIBBON MFG. CO.,

Western Home Department, WINNIPEG.

THE HOME MONEY MAKER



Greater and Faster than a Sewing Machine

Over 5000 of our machines are in actual operation throughout the British Colonies.

Home Industry

\$12 to \$20 Weekly

Reliable People Wanted, Either Sex, to Make Seamless Hosiery, etc.

Work at Your Home

Under the direction of the Home Industrial Knitting Machine Co.

No Previous Experience Required.

Work for many more Knitting for the New York and Foreign Markets. Large Demand. Good Prices Obtained for all Work. Machines furnished to trustworthy families on trial easy payments. Simple to operate; knits pair socks or stockings in 30 minutes. Write today and start making money; our circular explains all. Distance No Hindrance.

Home Industrial Knitting Machine Co.

Canadian Branch, WINDSOR, ONT. 80-82 Congress St E., Detroit, Mich.

A Yorkshire socialist, who was explaining to a friend the principles of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the socialist. "And if you had two cows would you do the same?" "Of course I should." "Well, supposing now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one of them?" "Eh! That's gettin' ower near the home," said the other shyly; "tha' knows I've got twa pigs."



"GO AWAY."

Farmer Ragweed—"Has Bill learned anything tew college?" Mrs. Ragweed—"No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork."—Chicago News.

Jonathan—"I say, Britisher, can you spell horse?" Englishman—"Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a hess and a he to spell 'orse.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, has for his hobby the natural sciences, in which he is unusually well versed. He was talking one day about the effect of heat and cold, explaining the rule that heat expands and cold contracts. Suddenly he smiled. "I am reminded of a story," he said. "There was a boys' class in physics before which this rule came. The rule was discussed in its various aspects and bearings, and finally the teacher said: 'Brown, suppose you give me a good example of the rule. Can you do it?' 'Yes, sir,' said Brown. 'In summer, when it is hot, the days are longer; and in winter, when it is cold, the days are short.'"

CURES FROM ALL OVER CANADA



Tell me where you live and I'll give you the names of some with whom you are acquainted.

You can talk with the men and women who have been cured by my treatment, and that's worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments; but when I tell you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, and you can go and ask them about me, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim.

And I want you to give me credit for what I prove. There's nothing surer than the word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

Here is Proof of my Arguments:

"I wore your Belt for a few days and I must say I could not have believed what it would do."—BISSELL NORTON, Box 54, Aurora, Ont.

"My back is cured and I now feel well."—Mrs. JESSIE LAVIGNE, Aymer, Que. stoke, B.C.

"I can recommend your Belt as a cure for all weak men."—RICHARD BRILL, Revel Lake, Assa.

"After I had used the Belt for two weeks the sciatica disappeared, and I have not felt it since."—S. BARNES, Wotaskiwin, Alta.

"I honestly believe your Belt to be as good, or even better than you claim."—W. BRUCE MORRIS, Hartney, Man.

"I am a new man, and never felt better."—N. M. MCKENZIE, Washabuck Bridge, N. S.

"The Rheumatism is cured."—MARTIN FOX, Chatham, N. B.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt Cures

Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Lame Back, Sciatica, Stomach Troubles, Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and every indication that you are breaking down physically.

I don't think there is any case of weakness, failure of vitality or of any trouble resulting from the imperfect action of any organ of the body that I can't cure. Of course, I do not cure all cases, but I have such confidence in my treatment that I will pay \$1,000 for a case that comes in my line of treatment which I can't cure with my recently perfected appliance. I am now curing troubles which I would not touch before.

After you have read the above, write to me, explain your case, and I will at once tell you if I can cure you or not. To prove to you the confidence I have in the curative power of my Belt, I am willing to accept your case, and after I have cured you, then pay me. All I ask is reasonable security. You may then use my Belt at my risk, and

PAY WHEN CURED.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Agents or drug stores are not allowed to sell my Belts.

FREE BOOK—Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE



You are to be the One

to say whether it is or isn't; whether you will or you won't; whether we are RIGHT or wrong. We leave it TO YOU entirely, for YOU to decide. The only evidence we want to submit is a dollar package of VITÆ-ORE, which package we want you to USE, and at our risk.

ALL we ask is a FAIR VERDICT. We say, if you are sick, that VITÆ-ORE WILL CURE YOU. We say that ONE PACKAGE will PROVE to you that it is the remedy for your case and condition. If it does not, YOU TO BE THE JUDGE. we want nothing from you.

READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

We will send to every worthy sick and ailing person who writes us, mentioning The Western Home Monthly, a full-sized \$1.00 package of VITÆ-ORE by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's continuous treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK; YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We do not offer to send you a free sample to last three or four days, but we do offer to send you a regular \$1.00 package of the most successful curative medicine known to the civilized world, without one cent of risk to you. We offer to give you thirty days to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! We know that when VITÆ-ORE has put you on the road to a cure you will be more than willing to pay. We are willing to take the risk.

What Vitæ-Ore is: Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful but now extinct mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce—of the ORE when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drunk fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery in which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing

Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility.

as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using VITÆ-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom VITÆ-ORE cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try VITÆ-ORE on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

IMPURE BLOOD. Almost every one in this latitude is a sufferer from diseases caused by IMPURE BLOOD, the corner-stone of more ills than all other causes combined, and only here and there one recognizes that in his blood lurks the seeds of disease, ready to take root and manifest themselves at the first opportunity in some of the innumerable hideous ways so dreaded by everybody. Every neighborhood has its afflicted, many seemingly incurable, with complaints that have gradually and almost imperceptibly made their appearance, growing a little worse with each change of the season until Chronic Ailments are well seated and developed in the system, such as Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles. Each takes one or more forms peculiar to such diseases, but all are due to Impure Blood, to the absence from the blood of some necessary vital force, or the presence of some foreign element, which impairs its powers to faithfully perform its duties to the system, causing a long list of complaints which yearly drag thousands to the grave.

To purify the blood, eradicate disease, build up the system, VITÆ-ORE is without a peer among remedial agents. No other remedy extant can equal it as a powerful constitutional tonic, a blood vitalizer, renovator and regenerator. It contains, as its constitutional parts, elements needed by the blood, which are absorbed by the thousands of minute blood corpuscles, and taking their proper place in the circulation, expel all foreign secretions which have been undermining the health. It supplies the wants of nature, is her able assistant and one that can be depended upon to do its work under all conditions.

It is the ideal tonic for Weak Anæmic Men and Women. Under treatment with it, the watery, impoverished blood becomes strong and virile, and as it courses through the veins imparts the color of health to the face, a sparkle to the eye and strength and vigor to the system.

A CERTAIN AND NEVER FAILING CURE FOR

Rheumatism
Lumbago
Bright's Disease
Diabetes
La Grippe
Blood Poisoning
Dropsy
Sores and Ulcers
Malarial Fevers

Nervous Prostration
and Anæmia
Liver, Kidney and
Bladder Troubles
Catarrh of any Part
Female Complaints
Stomach and
Bowel Disorders
General Debility

VITÆ-ORE DID IT ALL.

Edmonton, Alberta.

I can cheerfully testify to all sufferers what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I suffered for years from Indigestion and other Stomach Troubles; I grew so weak and thin I could not work, and had almost given up, beginning to think life was not worth living. I got relief from the first package of Vitæ-Ore, in fact, as soon as I began its use. Before I had finished the second package I began to gain in flesh, and when I had taken the third package I weighed more than I ever did. I am to-day a strong, healthy man, and Vitæ-Ore did it all!

M. M. JOHNSTON.



RHEUMATICS—READ THIS.

Was a cripple from Rheumatism; believed it incurable.

Markham, Ont.

In the spring of 1901 I was attacked with Rheumatism in my hips and legs so badly I could not walk or get up from the chair, it came so suddenly. The doctor attended me for four months, with the result that the Rheumatism moved from the hips and legs to the feet, still making it impossible for me to get around. I tried another doctor for three months without a change. Then I used an electric belt, but it did me no good. I was discouraged, thinking my trouble incurable, when I saw Vitæ-Ore advertised. I sent for a package, used it and one other, and am now entirely cured.

WM. E. RISEBROUGH.

FEELS LIKE A NEW PERSON.

Stomach Trouble for years—Could not Eat; had no Energy.

Rock Dale Farm, Ste. Martine, Que.

I had Stomach Trouble for years and it made me so miserable at times that I could not do an ordinary day's work without lying down for a rest during the day. I had no energy, and could not eat without a great deal of suffering, and even then in a great many cases I could not keep food on my stomach. I tried doctor's medicine, without getting relief and then made up my mind to give Vitæ-Ore a trial. I ordered a package, which I took according to directions for one month, and now I can eat a hearty meal and experience no pain whatever. In short, I feel like a new person and I will always recommend Vitæ-Ore to every one afflicted as I was.

MISS ELLA L. BARRINGTON.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DISAPPEARED.

Soda Creek, B.C.

I cannot praise Vitæ-Ore too highly. Before using it I was very badly troubled with my kidneys and had to get up five or six times during the night, but after using only two packages of Vitæ-Ore this trouble has entirely disappeared. I would not have believed that so much good could result in so short a time if it had not been my own experience.

JACOB M. COLLINS.

In making the claim a quarter of a century ago that Vitæ-Ore is the best thing in, on or out of the earth for sick, ailing or suffering people, we made it unreservedly and unqualifiedly, without any stipulation or "saving clause," knowing from our experience and from the experience of the few who had already used it at that early date, that its virtues and curative properties would fully substantiate this claim; that it was the best, not only because it gave relief from pain and the effects of disease, but that it cured the disease, and cured it effectually and permanently, hence the reason for the lines we have so often used in our advertisements and literature: "Get cured and stay cured," and "Not only immediate relief, but a permanent cure." Too many preparations are put on the market and advertised to give relief, too few to cure.

VITÆ-ORE.

A geological wonder, discovered by THEO. NOEL, Geologist, and mined from the ground like GOLD and SILVER.



The test of a medicine is not so much in the experience and immediate testimony from the use of one package or bottle, but in the experience of people written months or years after they have used that one package or bottle, and who testify that it cured them at that time, and that they have never had a recurrence of the malady. How many of the testimonials you see published in the papers of the land are such testimonials, how many who testify that they were and are permanently cured? Vitæ-Ore has thousands upon thousands of such experiences to its credit. It has been before the public for a quarter of a century. It cured numerous people right after its first introduction, and they have remained cured and are cured to-day. It is curing people by the thousands to-day of all manner of diseases, who will still be cured at a date a quarter of a century hence. We have repeatedly received letters from people who wrote us testimonial letters years ago, now saying that they have had absolutely no return of the trouble or troubles.

VITÆ-ORE strikes the disease at its root, entirely eradicates every vestige or trace, and the patient is cured to stay cured. Its cures are permanent, and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that will grow in popularity and sell more rapidly from year to year, always curing with a permanent cure, always satisfying, always selling.

ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, Dept. H. M., TORONTO, ONT.
Yonge St.,